

IMPERFECT HINTS

TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE.

PART THE SECOND AND LAST.

[PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.]

IMPERIAL

THE NEW YORK

SHAW, K. E. & P. E.

NEW YORK



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TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

# SHAKESPEARE.

PART SECOND AND LAST.

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Has any painter ever executed a scene, a character of Shakespeare, that approached to the prototype so near as Shakespeare himself attained to nature? Yet is there a pencil in a living hand, as capable of pronouncing the passions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and taste of Grecian artists.

MR. WALPOLE ON LADY DIANA BEAUCLERC.

---

Then bold INVENTION all thy powers diffuse,  
Of all thy sisters thou the noblest muse.  
Thee ev'ry art, thee ev'ry grace inspires,  
Thee Phœbus fills with all his brightest fires.

MR. MASON'S TRANSLATION OF DU FRESNOY.

---

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

MILTON'S EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE.

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L O N D O N:

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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.



T O

T H E H O N O U R A B L E

*HORACE WALPOLE,*

A N D

*Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,*

In grateful respect for the pleasure received from the productions of their  
Genius, and with unfeigned esteem for their highly valued Private  
Worth,

T H E S E C O N D P A R T O F T H I S P R O S P E C T U S

I S M O S T H U M B L Y I N S C R I B E D T O T H E M ,

B Y

T H E I R O B E D I E N T S E R V A N T ,

The Author.



THE HONORABLE

HORACE WALPOLE

AND

JOSEPH KENYON

In grateful acknowledgment of the pleasure received from the productions of their  
Genius, and with united esteem for their highly valued Private  
Worth,

THE SECOND PART OF A HISTORY OF THE

IS NOW THUMBLY INFORMED TO THEM

BY

THEIR OBLIGED SERVANT

The Author

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[illegible]



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE great dramattick writer whose works are the subject of the ensuing pages, had for more than a whole century received (what may be termed perhaps the truest applause) the grateful incense of silent adoration—when *Pope* and Lord *Burlington* were willing to decree to him, still more extended and more publick honours; and they consigned the erection of his statue in the Abbey of Westminster to those, who have conceived his form in an attitude truly graceful, giving him a calm perfectly consistent with the dignity, and with the character and disposition of Shakespeare: \*—but it was reserved for the present age to embellish his volumes with a spirit worthy of their author, and in a style of costly magnificence, not hitherto attempted for any writer whatever—the zeal and talents of many of the artists concerned in the now prepar-

a ing

\* Many of Shakespeare's cotemporaries have recorded the benevolence of his heart and the sweetness of his manners—and not one of them has handed down to us a single trait injurious to his memory. And though one is forced severely to censure the envious malignancy with which Ben Jonson viewed his high reputation—yet when Shakespeare died: Ben seems to have buried all malevolence in the poet's grave—for he thus informs posterity of the virtues of his fellow Shakespeare—*I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions.—He redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.—*And in the poem to his memory, Ben thus records a trait of Shakespeare's disposition.—

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

ing edition of Mr. Boydell, will justify this conjecture—and indeed the name of one artist alone, will cause the edition to be received with unusual expectation.\*

It is no less surprising than true, that a whole century elapsed, without any Painter having given the publick a single sketch or design from Shakespeare—and surely no Poet was ever more capable of animating an artist's mind, than he who has so wonderfully described every passion that soothes and alarms the human breast—Homer has been termed the Poet of Painters—well may Shakespeare deserve that appellation. In the reign of *Elizabeth*, few of our author's plays were printed, and those few

One may collect even from the Commendatory Verses prefixed to the old editions of our author's plays, published soon after his death, what personal esteem was entertained for him—some of them being addressed *To my worthy friend Master W. Shakespeare—To the memory of my beloved Mr. W. Shakespeare—On worthy Master Shakespeare, &c.* And in the dedication of the plays by Heminge and Condell to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery (who had both treated Shakespeare *with so much favour*) they profess to have collected them *without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: only to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare.* And his epitaph at Stratford upon Avon, always struck me, as very strongly speaking the regret with which his townsmen parted with him.

\* We may justly enlarge our expectations, when this projected Edition will be attended with an expence of more than 50,000l.—and when the following paragraph is one of those which announced the Edition of Mr. Boydell—It is the paragraph from the Morning Herald, which is referred to in the Advertisement prefixed to the first part of this work—

#### S H A K E S P E A R E !

“ This ornament of nature, and boast of England, will shortly receive such marks of estimation and honours from this country, as never yet attended any poet of modern age.

“ A design is on foot to present to the public a new edition of SHAKESPEARE, upon a scale that has never yet attended any publication. It is to be of a large folio size, on superfine paper; each play is to contain two plates, engraved by the first artists of the age, from the designs of our most approved historical painters. Col. *Hamilton* is said to take the lead in bringing forward this work; to whose name may be united those of Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, Mr. *Hayley*, Mr. *Malone*, and Mr. *Steevens*. A subscription is to be opened for this work, which will be published in numbers. Every number

few were still less dispersed; consequently they excited little emulation among the artists of that day—and perhaps had it been otherwise, *Elizabeth* would have given little encouragement to Painters: for she seems to have respected the art no further than as it tended to set off her own person.\* She had little relish for that art, which she knew would cause Mary  
ot

“ number, we learn, is to contain two plays, and four engravings, for which five guineas are to be paid: and as the work will extend to twenty numbers, it will cost each Subscriber, when complete,  
“ ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

“ The most eminent painters of England will be engaged in the design: two of the most striking scenes in each play are to be selected, and treated on a scale that will admit the figures being drawn as large as life.

“ The artists already consulted, are, besides Sir *Joshua Reynolds*, Mr. *West*, Mr. *Copley*, and Mr. *Romney*. The pencil of Mr. *Gainsborough*, is also to be engaged, for who like him has a soul possessed of the finest energies of poetry!—Those young artists who have attached themselves to the historical, and given proofs of genius and taste will likewise be applied to. The expence attending the necessary paintings, is to be defrayed out of the subscription money: the engraving of the subjects are to be paid for from the same fund.

“ Mr. Alderman Boydell will take an active part in this undertaking; and among other circumstances, it is intimated that a building is to be erected at the expence of the city of London, where the pictures painted for this work will be deposited.”

\* “ There is no evidence that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependents: There is not a single portrait of her that one can call beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded, are marks of her continual fondness for dress, while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns, and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which every body knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth.”

#### ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, vol. I.

Elizabeth would certainly have patronized a painter of the name of *Huyfman*, had he lived in her reign—for we are thus told of *Huyfman* being employed by the queen of Charles the Second.—“ He created himself the queen's painter, and to justify it, made her sit for every *Madona* or *Venus* he drew.”



to bloom in after ages†—the portrait of the *Virgin Queen*, preserved in the Catalogue of royal and noble authors, is not quite so beautiful as are the portraits of Mary.

Nor was the predilection of *James* for painting, much stronger than that of *Elizabeth*. The works of *James* convince one, that he must have little relished the deep reflections of Shakespeare. He was more pleased perhaps with the politeness of that good bishop, who in the preface to a Welch version of the Bible, made an apology for being obliged to prefer the Deity to his most sacred majesty—*James* would sooner have engaged *Janfen*, or the exquisite *Oliver*, to have thrown away their time on the portrait of this pious prelate, than have engaged them to have recorded a character, a scene from Shakespeare. *Prince Henry's* passion for the arts was of short duration—death prevented him from extending a collection, which he was preparing with all the zeal that arts could inspire.

But what shall we say to the accomplished *Charles*, who, during the tranquil part of his reign, had not one scene drawn from his beloved Shakespeare.—How congenial to the disposition and soul of *Vandyck* would have been the scenes of Shakespeare—and with what fond enthusiasm would *Charles* have viewed a scene, when realized by the conception of the favoured *Vandyck*!—If the mind of *Rubens* (whose works *a union of happy excellencies endear to the best judges*) was so oft entranced by *the rapture of poetry*: one wonders, or at least one wishes to have found in the catalogue of his works subjoined in *Deschamps*, some production

† Pope addresses these lines to *Jervas*, who had painted *Lady Bridgwater*:

*Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;  
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.  
Beauty, frail flower, that ev'ry season fears,  
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.*

duction of his, from the volumes of Shakespeare, the first of poets.\* The same disappointment occurs, in inspecting the catalogues of Villiers Duke of Buckingham, and of James the second. Rubens painted the apotheosis of James the first—but how would his fondness for poetry have made him paint the apotheosis of Shakespeare!—If Ruben's genius shone so bright when picturing that of the simple and pedantick James: grace and feeling alone would have guided his pencil in the apotheosis of SHAKESPEARE.† There were other artists in the reign of *Charles the first*, from whom might have been expected some scenes from our Poet; as from John de Critz's nephew, who *painted bravely scenes for masks*—from Hoskins—and from Bordier, who is very handsomely recorded by Mr. Walpole, for having painted the field of Naseby.

In the after-times of insolent and canting bigotry, it would have been more congenial to the gloomy austerity of *Cromwell*, to have viewed a group of anabaptists, than a group of personages immortalized by every charm that genius and fancy could bestow—Those scenes which charmed the noble Southampton, must have ill suited the natural meanness

\* “ At the age of twenty-three, Rubens set out for Italy, and entered into the service of Vincent Gonzaga Duke of Mantua. One day when he was at that court, and was painting the story of Turnus and Æneas, intending to warm his imagination by the rapture of poetry, he repeated with energy those lines of Virgil :

“ Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet, &c.

“ The Duke who overheard him and entered the chamber, was surprized to find the mind of his painter cultivated with a variety of graceful literature. Rubens was named Envoy to Spain, and carried magnificent presents to the favourite Duke of Lerma; exerting at that court his political and elegant talents with a dignity and propriety that raised the latter without debasing the former.—  
“ ————No wonder his emulation was raised at Mantua, where the works of Homer were treated by Raphael and Julio Romano.”

ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, vol. 3.

† Had Vandyck survived the murder of his royal master, how would his feelings have led him to have painted the apotheosis of Charles—This would indeed have been a composition of sentiment.

ness and revengeful spirit of *Cromwell*—Southampton died as he had lived, with a mind untainted: embalmed with the tears of every friend to virtue, and to splendid accomplishments: all who knew him, *wished to him long life, still lengthened with all happiness*—But the terror of Cardinal Beaufort's last scene accompanied the guilty Cromwell: *what a sign it is of evil life, when death's approach is seen so terrible*: Cromwell's last scene was dreadfully embittered.\* In times of the complexion of this reign, one cannot wonder if publick tributes were withheld from the memory of a man like Shakespeare: his manly and extended sentiments would have ill accorded with the nonsense and starchness of Puritans.—In times of this indignant cast, the silent homage of the heart, was all that could—was all that durst be offered to his shade.

During

\* “Cromwell's dexterity equally satisfied every sect; with Presbyterians, a Presbyterian; with Deists, a Deist; only an Independent in principle. It was by these arts he continued his authority, first cemented by blood, and maintained by hypocrisy and usurpation. Yet, notwithstanding this conduct, which contributed to render him truly formidable at home, he was, after a few years reign, become truly miserable to himself. He knew that he was detested by every party in the kingdom; he knew the fierce spirit of the people whom he had made slaves, and he was incessantly haunted by the terrors of an assassination. To increase his calamity, a book was published, intitled, *Killing no Murder*; in which it was proved to be just to destroy him at any rate. *Shall we* (said this popular declaimer) *who would not suffer the lion to invade us, tamely stand to be devoured by the wolf?* Cromwell read this spirited treatise, and it is said was never seen to smile afterwards. He wore armour under his cloaths, and always kept a loaded pistol in his pocket; his aspect became cloudy, and he regarded every stranger with a glance of timid suspicion. He always travelled with hurry and precipitation, and never slept two nights successively in the same apartment. A certain ague came at last to deliver him from a life of horror and misery.”

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, in a series of Letters from a Nobleman to his son, vol. 2.

This same work records another trait of the mind, of this brutal assassin:

“Few volunteers repaired to the royal standard, and Charles at length saw his vigilant enemy overtake him at Worcester. Both armies fought with equal intrepidity, but Cromwell was again victorious—Never was so complete a victory obtained by him before. Two thousand perished by the sword, and four times that number, being taken, were sold as slaves to the American planters.”



During the reign of *Charles the second*, as well as during the succeeding reigns, there were many Painters, from whom one might have expected some scenes from our great Poet—as from Streater (if painting *all the scenes at the old playhouse*, and the portrait of *Lacy the player*, would have enabled him to paint from the genius of the Poet)—from Sir Peter Lely—Michael Wright—Zouft, who has given us a copy of some most graceful portrait of Shakespeare—from Kneller\*—and lastly from Vanbleek.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that one has heard of no Painting having ever been taken of the great tragedian Betterton, in any of those scenes of our Poet, in which his powers of acting shone with such superior excellence—“ all the *Othellos*, *Hamlets*, *Hotspurs*, *Macbeths* and *Brutus's* whom you may have seen since his time (say's Cibber) have fallen

\* “ The original sketch (say the *Anecdotes of Painting*) of the historic picture of King William, at Houghton (by Kneller) is struck out with a spirit and fire equal to Rubens. The hero and the horse are in the heat of battle.—Of all his works, Sir Godfrey was most proud of his converted Chinese, at Windsor; but his portrait of Gibbons is superior to it. It has the freedom and nature of Vandyck, with the harmony of colouring peculiar to Andrea Sacchi.—His airs of heads have extreme grace.” This shews one, how capable Kneller was, of painting from our Poet.

Liotard the painter, who lived about this time, would have been ill calculated to have drawn from Shakespeare; for the *Anecdotes of Painting* (under the articles Liotard and Fuller) thus speaks of him: “ Devoid of imagination, and one would think of memory, he could render nothing but what he saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the small-pox, every thing found its place; not so much from fidelity, as because he could not conceive the absence of any thing that appeared to him.”—— “ In his historic compositions, Fuller is a wretched painter, his colouring was raw and unnatural, and not compensated by disposition or invention. In portraits his pencil was bold, strong, and masterly: Men who shine in the latter, and miscarry in the former, want imagination. They succeed only in what they see.—*Liotard* is a living instance of this sterility. He cannot paint a blue ribband if a lady is dressed in purple knots. If he had been in the prison at the death of Socrates, and the passions were as permanent as the persons on whom they act, he might have made a finer picture than *Nicolo Poussin*.”

fallen far short of him." † Cibber has so warmed himself with the recollection of Betterton's *Hamlet*, that his language approaches nearly to the force of Painting. The other great actors whom Cibber mentions are equally unrecorded by the pencil. And therefore the *first* Prints ever published from the page of Shakespeare, were the miserable designs of Fourdrinier, for the edition by Rowe, in 1709.‡ To these succeeded the duodecimo edition of Pope and Sewall, in 1728, with cuts by Fourdrinier; I have not seen this edition; but I have reason to believe the cuts are nothing more than fac-similes of those in Rowe's edition (with some trifling alterations in some of them) and with the substitution of some plates by Du Guernier. The next print that was taken from the plays of Shakespeare, was an etching by John Laguerre, of *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, and *Doll Tear-sheet*, with other theatrick characters, alluding to a quarrel between the players and patentees; this print must have been published in the year 1733—and in the same year came out, Hogarth's Southwark Fair, wherein he has exhibited these figures of Laguerre's in a reduced size. In the year 1735 came out an edition in eight volumes small octavo, *said* to be printed by Tonson; it seems to have been published by one Walker, and is a spurious publication of Rowe's edition; with fac similes of the cuts of Fourdrinier (with some very trifling alterations in some of them) and the substitution of about fourteen plates from the designs and graving of Du Guernier; the plate prefixed to the play of *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, by this last artist, possesses  
some

† "The most that a *Vandyck* can arrive at, is to make his portraits of great persons seem to *think*; a *Shakespeare* goes farther yet, and tells you *what* his pictures thought; a *Betterton* steps beyond them both, and calls them from the grave, to breathe and be themselves again, in feature, speech, and motion."

CIBBER.

‡ At Windsor is a picture by Michael Wright, (who died in 1700) of John Lacy the comedian in the character of *Sandy* in the *Taming of the Shrew*—but there is no such character in Shakespeare's play. There are two plays on this subject with nearly the same title.

some merit, and that prefixed to *Lear*, deserves an inspection. Perhaps these are the same set of plates as are in the edition by Pope and Sewell. The next edition in succession (with the ornament of cuts) was the duodecimo one of Theobald, published in 1740, with the designs of Gravelot—and as Garrick's genius burst forth in the following year in the theatre in Goodman's-fields, in the character of *Richard*: we shall find that his wonderful powers of realizing his Shakespeare's scenes, transferred an almost general affection for the dramas of that poet—I will continue the list of Prints published from our author's plays, to the end of the year 1765, which will verify my assertion—Sir Thomas Hanmer soon followed with his handsome quarto edition, with plates designed by Hayman, but five of them were from the designs of that more pleasing artist Gravelot. Hogarth in 1746 produced his fine Print of Garrick in *Richard the Third*, in which the starting and trembling terror of *Richard*, is most happily expressed.\* A metzotinto of Faber's came out in 1751, being *Mrs. Margaret Woffington in the character of Mrs. Ford*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, from a picture by J. Heatley. A Print of *Woodward in Mercutio*, was published by W. Herbert at the globe on London-bridge, in 1753—and about this time, Vanbleck engraved a metzotinto of *Mrs. Cibber in Cordelia*, Mac Ardel engraved a very poor Print of *Quin in Falstaff*, from his own design, and Hayman etched a small plate on which is represented *Falstaff seated upon a drum*. In the year 1754, Anthony Walker published *Five scenes from Romeo and Juliet*, and this same year came out a fine Print of Garrick's *Hamlet*, from the pencil of B. Wilson. In the year 1756, a wretched Print of Theophilus Cibber in the character of *Pistol* was prefixed to his *Dissertations on the Theatre*, and perhaps about this time Hayman painted his seven Pictures from Shakespeare, for Vauxhall gardens. In 1761,

b

B. Wilson

\* The original painting is now at Duncombe Park, in Yorkshire—The late Mr. Duncombe paid Hogarth two hundred pounds for it.



B. Wilfon gave the public another Print of Garrick, namely a representation of him in the storm scene of *King Lear*, engraved in mézotinto by Mac Ardel, and the expreffion of Garrick's countenance will be found to poffefs confiderable merit, if the beft impreffions (and thofe only) are looked at—And in the Exhibition for this year, was a Painting by Hayman, of *Sir John Falstaff raifing recruits*. In 1763, a large Print came out, defigned by Dawes, and engraved by Bannerman, of *Mr. Garrick in the character of Macbeth*, and though objections may be formed againft all the witches (one only excepted) from their being by no means happily conceived—yet one cannot refrain from allowing much merit to the attitude and look of Macbeth. B. Wilfon again drew Garrick: for in 1765, he published his Print of *Mr. Garrick and Mifs Belamy, in the characters of Romeo and Juliet*, and this fame year produced a Print of *Mrs. Pritchard in Hermione*, from after Pine. From this time, each fucceffive year produced many prints.\*

And though, in the extenfive number of Prints which have appeared fince the clofe of the above year, moft of them are marked by mean conception, actually difgracing the fcenes they were meant to adorn, (for it muft be confeffed that in general, Artifts have not touched his fcenes *with a trembling hand*)—yet fome of our Artifts have faithfully conveyed to us the fpirit of our author—and one is proud to enroll among the many who have attempted to paint from our matchlefs Poet, the names of *Reynolds—Romney—West—Mortimer—Dance—Kauffman—Cypriani—Fufeli—Louthembourg*—and *Stuart*, §—and to thefe Artifts who have already painted from Shake-

\* Thofe who cenfure thefe particulars as tedious and uninterefting, can be little converfant with Shakefpeare—more candour will be hoped for from thofe who confeff the attachment of his name.

§ I can only difcover two prints from the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which are taken from Shakefpeare; namely a Head of Lear, engraved by Sharp; and the characters of Prospero and Caliban,

Shakespeare (besides some few others whose names might be mentioned) we willingly receive most of those whom Mr. Boydell has announced to us.—One incitement to an Artist to paint with grace, or with vigour and energy the scenes for the now preparing edition of Mr. Boydell, will be

Jiban, which he has introduced in his portrait of Mrs. Talmaſh, whom he has drawn as Miranda. It is engraved in metzotinto by Jones.

Mr. Romney has painted Henderson in Macbeth, from which there is a metzotinto lately engraved by Jones.

Mr. West has painted the Funeral Oration of Marc Antony over the dead body of Cæſar, from which a metzotinto is engraved by Val. Green; and there are two engravings by Sharp, from the designs of Mr. West, from the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

The late Mortimer painted Twelve Heads of Characters from Shakespeare, from which etchings are published. And at a sale of Drawings (chiefly by Wheatly) at Greenwood's, in 1785, was a sketch by Mortimer, of Macbeth meeting the witches. I have seen this sketch, and it was worthy of Mortimer. The print of the Battle of Agincourt, from this artist, is more historical, than dramatick.

Mr. Dance has painted Garrick in Richard the Third, from which a metzotinto is engraved by Dixon; and a scene from Timon of Athens, engraved by Hall.

The pencil of the amiable Kauffman has drawn, Cordelia, Hermione, Celia, and Rosalind, a scene from the tempest, and a scene from Coriolanus; from each of which, prints have been published. I omit the two prints from after this lady, of the Birth and Tomb of Shakespeare, as the present list is meant to apply only to the scenes or characters taken from Shakespeare.

I have discovered only two prints from the designs of Mr. Cypriani, from the *scenes* of Shakespeare, viz. Ferdinand and Miranda, designed by Cypriani and Barret, and engraved by Bartolozzi and Midiman; and Orlando rescuing his brother Oliver from the lions, designed and executed by the same artists.

Mr. Fuseli exhibited a Drawing of the Death of Cardinal Beaufort, in the Exhibition of 1774; a picture of Hubert and Prince Arthur, in that of 1775, and in the first year of the Exhibition of Painting and Design, in Liverpool, Fuseli exhibited his picture of Hotspur, Glendower, Mortimer, and Worcester, disputing on the division of England—No prints have been taken (I believe) from either of these pictures. This artist has also painted Lady Macbeth in her sleep-scene, from which a metzotinto is taken by Smith; Lear, and Cordelia, engraved in metzotinto by Smith, Heads of Witches engraved in metzotinto by Smith, the Vision of Queen Katharine, engraved for the first number of Macklin's Pictures from the British Poets, and there are some small prints likewise from after Fuseli, from the plays of Shakespeare, in a periodical publication, which came out some years ago, called the London Theatre.

be from an honest wish and pleasing hope, of partaking in that wish in which Pope (on another occasion) indulged himself:

*Oh! while along the stream of time, thy name  
Expanded flies, and gathers all it's fame;  
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?\**

The vile creations of the fancy which the eye is so frequently wearied with (taken from the page of Shakespeare) and which are meant to describe to us the Poet's scenes, convince one that it is no easy matter to design

M. de Louthembourg painted Garrick in Richard the Third, which was in the Exhibition of 1774, but no print (I believe) has been taken from it. Many of the plates to Bell's last edition of Shakespeare, are from the designs of this artist.

Mr. Stuart painted Henderfon in the character of Iago, which Bartolozzi has engraved; and he has likewise painted a head of Kemble in Richard the Third, now in the possession of Mr. Pybus, and which is engraved by Keating.

This enumeration, no doubt is very scanty and imperfect; I wish I could have rendered it more perfect. Very few of the above artists have painted from the plays contained in the ensuing pages of this *prospectus*: otherwise I would have applied to them what Timon of Athens says to a painter:

*Your painting is almost the natural man;  
I like your work:  
And you shall find I like it.*

\* Another incitement will fill the artist's breast, and inspire him with an emulation to produce designs worthy of the munificent patronage now given to the arts, and worthy of accompanying the volumes of him, whom Mr. Malone calls, *the delight and wonder of successive ages*.—and this incitement will be: the hope that his works may be honestly and impartially weighed for the attention of a future age, by some writer of unbiaffed and acknowledged judgment.—Every voice would instantly accord to the candour and talents of one gentleman: whom the *present* artists of Great Britain would most cheerfully single out as the faithful biographer of their merits and defects: and whose warmth in recording *the piety, mildness, and ingenuity* of Vertue, must incline every artist, ardently to wish a length of days to their *time honoured Lancaster*, from whose pen, a future age might precisely know, the degree of genius possessed by a Reynolds—a Beauclerc—an Opie—or an Haward.



design from *Shakespeare*. Indeed some of his scenes are so highly coloured, and display such daring efforts of true sublimity, that one must not expect to see them painted equal to their native spirit—for who thinks he can approach the Fancy and Nature of *Shakespeare*?—Had the scenes of *Lear* been even painted by *Raffaello*: he himself would scarcely have expected to have entranced the mind more, than what it feels by a bare perusal of them—and the daring *Michael Angelo* would have hesitated: ere he had attempted to throw on his canvass the solemnity of the enchantments in *Macbeth*, or the fire and enthusiasm which pervades the character of *Richard*.† If the mind of the Painter is not inspired by some portion

† Sir Joshua Reynolds, in an animated Discourse, delivered to the Students of the Academy, in 1772, thus speaks of Michael Angelo:—"It is to Michael Angelo, that we owe even the existence of Raffaello: it is to him Raffaello owes the grandeur of his style. He was taught by him to elevate his thoughts, and to conceive his subjects with dignity. His genius, however formed to blaze and to shine, might, like fire in combustible matter, for ever have lain dormant if it had not caught a spark by its contact with Michael Angelo; and though it never burst out with that extraordinary heat and vehemence, yet it must be acknowledged to be a more pure, regular, and chaste flame. Though our judgment will upon the whole decide in favour of Raffaello; yet he never takes that firm hold and entire possession of the mind in such a manner as to desire nothing else, and feel nothing wanting. The effect of the capital works of Michael Angelo, perfectly correspond to what Bouchardon said he felt from reading Homer. His whole frame appeared to himself to be enlarged, and all nature which surrounded him, diminished to atoms."

"If we put those great artists in a light of comparison with each other, Raffaello had more Taste and Fancy, Michael Angelo more Genius and Imagination. The one excelled in Beauty, the other in Energy. Michael Angelo has more of the Poetical Inspiration; his ideas are vast and sublime; his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions, or their attitudes, or the style and cast of their very limbs or features, that puts one in mind of their belonging to our own species. Raffaello's imagination is not so elevated; his figures are not so much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaste, noble, and of great conformity to their subjects. Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character: they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed, or seemed to disdain, to look abroad for foreign help. Raffaello's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and Majesty of his characters, his judicious contri-

vance

portion of that celestial spirit which animated our Shakespeare: he must not expect that his work should cause other emotions than those of tame, unwilling, and parsimonious approbation.

As

“ vance of his Composition, correctness of Drawing, purity of Taste, and the skilful accommodation  
“ of other men’s conceptions to his own purpose. Nobody excelled him in that judgment, with which  
“ he united to his own observations on Nature, the Energy of Michael Angelo, and the Beauty and  
“ Simplicity of the Antique. To the question therefore, which ought to hold the first rank, Raffaele  
“ or Michael Angelo, it must be answered, that if it is to be given to him who possessed a greater com-  
“ bination of the higher qualities of the art than any other men, there is no doubt but Raffaele is the  
“ first. But if, according to Longinus, the sublime being the highest excellence that human compo-  
“ sition can attain to, abundantly compensates for the absence of every other beauty, and atones for  
“ all other deficiencies, then Michael Angelo demands the preference.”

We may see from a variety of passages in Sir Joshua’s Discourses, as well as from his second letter to Dr. Johnson (inserted in the Idler), and from some of his notes to Mr. Mason’s translation of Du Fresnoy, what predilection he has ever shewn for the works of *Michael Angelo*. It is pretty evident, that one of the most favourite painters of Shakespeare, was *Julio Romano*—and no wonder: when the following characters have been given of him:

“ De tous les disciples de Raphaël, il n’y en a point eù qui l’ayent si bien imité, soit dans l’inven-  
“ tion, soit dans la coloris; ni qui ayent approché de cette fierté, de ce correct, de ces beaux caprices,  
“ de cette abondance, et de cette variété de pensées qu’on voit dans ces ouvrages. Les beaux talens de  
“ Jule, son humeur douce et affable, sa conversation plaisante et gracieuse, furent cause que Raphaël  
“ n’eut pas moins d’amitié pour lui que s’il eut été son propre frere. C’est pourquoi il l’employa tou-  
“ jours dans les plus importants entreprises.”

FELIBIEN.

“ Il dessinoit fièrement, avoit des expressions terribles; et comme il possédoit les Belles-Lettres, la  
“ Poésie avoit beaucoup de part à ses conceptions; son ordonnance est peu commune et de bon gout.”

DESCRIPTION DES TABLEAUX DU PALAIS ROYAL.

“ See Raphael there his forms celestial trace,  
“ Unrivall’d Sovereign of the realms of Grace.  
“ See Angelo, with energy divine,  
“ Seize on the summit of correct design.  
“ Learn bow, at Julio’s birth, the Muses smil’d,  
“ And in their mystic caverns nurs’d the child,

As I have certainly in the ensuing *prospectus*, selected and recommended an extensive number of Engravings to be taken—yet I think I have not recommended one more Engraving than ought to be inserted in an edition—and this multiplicity proceeded from a wish that Shakespeare's volumes might be adorned with every varied splendour of art—that they might be conveyed to posterity in a matchless style of deserved pre-eminence—and that each (or at least most) of his great Scenes, and fine and noble Passages, might be accompanied by the praise of ingenious and (if it can be obtained) faultless art.

In

“ *How, by th’ Aonian powers their smile bestow’d,  
 “ His pencil with poetic fervor glow’d;  
 “ When, faintly verse Apollo’s charms convey’d,  
 “ He oped the shrine, and all the god display’d:  
 “ His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorn,  
 “ With more than mortal rage his battle burns,  
 “ His Heroes, happy heirs of fav’ring fame,  
 “ More from his art than from their actions claim.*”

MASON’S TRANSLATION OF DU FRESNOY.

“ They all justly deserve that high rank in which Fresnoy has placed them; Michael Angelo, for the grandeur and sublimity of his characters, as well as for his profound knowledge of design; Raphael, for the judicious arrangement of his materials, for the grace, the dignity, and expression of his characters; and *Julio Romano*, for possessing the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps, to a higher degree than any other Painter whatever.”

A NOTE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS ON DU FRESNOY’S POEM.

I will close these testimonies to the merit of this great artist, by giving my reader the fine and generous eulogium which Shakespeare has pronounced on him—*that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer.*”

WINTER’S TALE.

This is not the only testimony we have of Shakespeare’s attachment to the Fine Arts—Many passages in his works strongly evince the nicest discernment for the arts both of Painting and Sculpture—particularly



In the ensuing pages, I fear I may have too much incumbered some of the Scenes or Subjects recommended, with my own observations—and yet, I believe, it would not have been possible to have recommended them to the notice of an Artist in fewer words—And I must beg again to remind my reader, that if in the course of my surveying any of the following Plays, I should overlook, or be quite silent as to any of those Prints which are included in the List subjoined to the end of each Play: that it proceeded from my not perceiving in any

particularly passages in his Twelfth Night—Cymbeline—Taming of a Shrew—Antony and Cleopatra—Timon of Athens—and in his Poems—but the following scene from the Winter's Tale, relating to the Statue of Hermione, would have been read with the most partial attention, by the first masters of ancient Rome:

Leon. *O Paulina,*

*We honor you with trouble: But we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content  
In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.*

Paul. *As she lived peerless,*

*So her dead likeness, I do well believe,  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep  
Lonely, apart:—But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.*

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.

*I like your silence, it the more shews off  
Your wonder: \* but yet speak;—first, you, my liege—  
Comes it not something near?*

Leon.

\* This thought, convincingly shews the Poet's fond zeal for the Arts—these lines should be written in every Theatre, when the Tragedies of Shakespeare are performing.

any part of them, any merit, or any thing that was likely in the smallest degree, to make it worth an Artist's while to inspect such Print.

If any of the single lines, or the passages selected or quoted in the ensuing pages for the purpose of recommending them to the notice of an Artist, should appear flat, or tedious, or cold; let it be remembered, that it is owing entirely to my disjointed selection of them—Who will be so imprudent as to call them tedious and unimpassioned, without first perusing the context or the scene at large?

To

Leon. *Her natural posture!—*

*Chide me dear stone; that I may say, indeed  
Thou art Hermione: or rather, thou art she,  
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace.*——

—— *Oh, thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,  
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!*

—— *Oh, royal piece,  
There's magick in thy majesty; which has  
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,  
Standing like stone with thee!*

Paul. *Indeed my lord,*

*If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)  
I'd not have shew'd it.*

Leon. *Do not draw the curtain.*

Paul. *No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy  
May think anon, it moves.*

Leon.

To those few Portraits of Shakespeare which I have alluded to, in page vi. and vii. of the preface to the former part of this work, I am now enabled to add to that list, another discovered Portrait: for in the memoirs of Mr. Aftley, of Duckenfield Lodge, (which appeared a few months ago in some of the public papers) this new Portrait is thus mentioned:

“ Aftley too, though not so elegantly minded as Reynolds, might  
“ have been conspicuous in his art. When he left Hudson, and  
“ went

Leon. *Let be, let be.*

*Would I were dead, but that, methinks already—  
What was he, that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins  
Did verily bare blood?*

Paul. *Masterly done:*

*The very life seems warm upon her lip.*

Leon. *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art.*

Paul. *I'll draw the curtain;*

*My lord's almost so far transported, that  
He'll think anon, it lives*

Leon. *O sweet Paulina,*

*Make me to think so twenty years together;  
No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.*

Paul. *I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but  
I could afflict you further.*

Leon. *Do, Paulina;*

*For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.—Still methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: what fine chiznel  
Could ever yet cut breath?*



“ went to Rome, he shewed such parts as got, and kept, the patronage of Lord Chesterfield. The best pictures he ever painted, were copies of the Bentivoglio’s and Titian’s Venus, *and a Head, much in the manner of Shakespeare,—and in the opinion of a judge, (whom few can doubt) Stuart, the portrait painter, far preferable to the famous head in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.*” It must be a fine Head indeed, if preferable to that in the collection of the Duke of Chandos.

I offer the few underwritten extracts to my reader, as a kind of chart (however wide and imperfect) to direct his enquiries in the attempt to discover some yet secluded original Portrait of Shakespeare. The hope of yet discovering some new Portrait (however distant it may be) ought not to be damped: from recollecting that the invaluable Portrait of MILTON, which gives one *a distinct idea of his countenance*, has been very lately brought to light, after having eluded a search of more than sixty years—Milton’s admirers will have a high treat, by perusing page 547 of Mr. Warton’s lately published edition of Milton’s Poems.\*

Paul. \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ *Shall I draw the curtain?*

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Perd. So long could I stand by, a looker on.

This scene could only have been written by a mind warmly devoted to the arts—and who but Shakespeare could have conceived the line of

\_\_\_\_\_ *What fine chisel  
 Could ever yet cut breath?*

\* I give my reader the few following extracts or notices, merely in the hopes of their leading to further discoveries:

The first extract is from No. 73 of the third volume of the Censor, (in imitation of the Spectator) published in 1717—which first recites a letter which had been written to the au

thor; in which letter (a fictitious one) are these words—"I hope you will do me the honour your worthy predecessor the ingenious Mr. Bickerstaff did Mr. Dogget some years since, I mean, to grace me with your presence at the Theatre in little Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Thursday the 11th of this inst. to see the dramattick Opera called the *Prophetess*, or the *History of Dioclesian*, which will be acted that night for my benefit. If you shall be pleased to honour me so far, I will keep one of the stage-boxes for you, and your friends; and to heighten your entertainment, the front of the gallery will be adorned with the *Original Pictures* of those Poets, who have been most excellent in the dramattick way; as *Shakespeare*, *Ben Jonson*, *Fletcher*, *Sir John Suckling* and *Mr. Dryden*."—The paper, having thus recited this fictitious letter from a supposed correspondent, goes on thus: "It must give a fine rational pleasure to the minds of a well turned audience, to behold, instead of a trivial landscape of a solitary tower, or a waving grove, all that can be preserved of the images of our fathers in Poetry. While they trace the lineaments and features of this glorious assembly, forming to themselves the ideas of how they looked, moved, spoke, wrote; their hearts should be inspired with such sentiments of delight and wonder, as filled the breast of *Æneas* in the shades, when he saw the images of the great heroes and captains who had trod before him in the paths of fame; *mighty souls* (as *Virgil* says) and *born in better days*. The poets methinks should look on *Shakespeare* with a religious awe and veneration, and behold him with the same eye *Mr. Dryden* did, in that incomparable poem to *Sir Godfrey Kneller*, where he says,

*Shakespeare, (thy gift) I place before my sight,  
And ask his blessing ere I dare to write.*

—And indeed there is not a greater difference between the flower of our years, and the decline of them, than there is between *Shakespeare*, and all other English Poets.—The greatest pleasure that I received through the whole play, was to observe those *Original Pictures* that were the ornaments of the gallery, and could not help taking notice that nose-less *Sir William Davenant* had more fearful starers from the pit, than any of the rest of his fraternity. For my own part, my eye dwelt upon my favourites *Shakespeare* and *Dryden*, though I often stole a look on the company, which gave me a very sensible delight." This paper then concludes with a "Prologue spoken at *Lincoln's Inn-Fields Theatre*, on occasion of the *Pictures of our old English Dramattick Poets*, being placed in front of the Gallery." This is inserted, merely to shew the reader (what there is no doubt of) that the Old Theatres would have been likely places to have obtained intelligence on this head.

It is not improbable, but some Picture of *Shakespeare*, was in the Sale of *Betterton* the player.

In the Catalogue of the Medals, Statues, Pictures, and Jewels of Mrs. Oldfield, there appears no Picture of Shakespeare. Nor is there one at Dulwich College.

“ At Wimpole in Cambridgeshire (I quote the Anecdotes of Painting, under the article Belcamp) the seat of the Earl of Oxford, which had been Sir Henry Pickering’s, and before him the seat of the Tempests, were copies by Belcamp of several English heads, remarkable persons in the reigns of Henry VIII. Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. but they were all sold and dispersed with the rest of the Harleian Collection.” There *might* perhaps have been a Picture of Shakespeare at this ancient seat, as well as at some other ancient seats in England.

Who more likely to have known the different Pictures of Shakespeare than the late Vertue?

Henry Earl Southampton (the friend of Shakespeare) married Elizabeth the daughter of John Vernon of Hodnet. The portrait of this Elizabeth was drawn by Cornelius Jansen, and “ the face and hands are coloured with incomparable lustre.” The intimacy that probably subsisted between this family and our Poet, inclines one to think that Jansen might have painted Shakespeare—The metzotinto prefixed to the edition of King Lear, by Jennens, is *said* to have been taken from a picture of Jansen’s. Though it has been doubted whether Jansen ever did paint Shakespeare.

“ James Maubert, distinguished himself (say the Anecdotes of Painting) by copying all the portraits *he could meet with* of English Poets, some of which he painted in small ovals. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Pope, and some others, he painted from life. He died at the end of 1746. Vertue says he mightily adorned his pictures with flowers, honey-suckles, &c.” From this artist some information might have been obtained.

KING





# KING JOHN.

## KING JOHN.

Vignette.

KING JOHN.



# KING JOHN.

---

It was not by declamation or by pantomime, that Shakespeare was to fix his eternal dominion over the hearts of mankind.

DR. T. WARTON.

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,  
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew :  
But chief, the dreadful group of human woes  
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose.—

DR. T. WARTON.

Il possédoit les graces terribles de Michel Ange, & les graces aimables du Corrège.

FRAGMENT SUR SHAKESPEARE PAR M. SHERLOCK.

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## Vignette.

In page xvi. of the preface to the first part of the present work, I have hinted at a Vignette for this Tragedy, and I must request the reader to turn to that page. Since I have written the first part, I have a second time beheld the figure of *Agar* which is there mentioned ; and I am still more confirmed in the happy propriety with which it would grace the page of Shakespeare. There is a peculiar propriety in introducing this figure of *Agar* in the play of *King John* : as one of the most striking passions of that drama, is the dignity of MATERNAL GRIEF. What then can so nobly and so properly decorate our Poet's page, as affixing to it a *chef d'oeuvre* of expression—a masterly production of a pencil like Guido's. Indeed Shakespeare's own words in this play, will almost in part apply to the situation or figure of *Agar*, as drawn by the above painter.

— this day bath made  
Much work for tears, in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground :  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth.

B

# KING JOHN.

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on.

Yours truly,

John King

10, St. James's Street, London.

18th June 1890.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

Yours truly,

John King

10, St. James's Street, London.

John King

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and wondering how you are getting on. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

Yours truly,  
John King  
10, St. James's Street, London.

## Head-Piece.

The portrait of *Arthur* will require the pencil of a delicate hand; and as he will require to be painted in many scenes of this play, each sketch or portrait of him will exhibit the ideas that different painters have formed of princely youth and beauty. A fancy portrait of him in metzo-tinto, or in the light style of a beautiful drawing, might be given as a Head-piece, with these lines (from p. 26) engraved under:

*These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his.  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.*

Would there be any impropriety in introducing at the top, or in the back-ground of this portrait, two of the cherubs which are in a picture of Luca Giordano, being No. 109, of the *Tableaux de Dusseldorf*? A most beautiful idea (similar to that of one of these cherubs) is introduced in a picture of Cain and Abel, in the collection of Lord Scarfdale.

Or, in lieu of the above design for a Head-piece, might be given another, from p. 27, which might be an etching of the half-lengths of *John*, *Philip*, and *Arthur* (without the other characters) from these lines:

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Philip.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.



That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :  
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;  
And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

See the aspect of *John* in *Vertue's* print of him.\*

## Scene Prints.

*Lewis.* Before Angiers well met, brave Austria,—  
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave :  
And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance hither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

*Arthur.* God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,  
The rather, that you give his offspring life :  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war,  
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love :  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

*Lewis.* A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right !

*Aust.*

\* To guard against the too great crowding of an edition with engravings, we must pass over the spirited answer of *John* to *Chatillion*, in p. 5—an answer, which every Briton reads with transport. And for the same reason, we must overlook Queen *Eleanor's* mention of the ambitious *Constance* in the same page, as well as that passage in p. 21, where the Lady *Falconbridge* discovers to the *Bastard*, that *Cœur-de-lion* was his father.

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,  
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;  
 That to my home I will no more return,  
 'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders;  
 Even 'till that England hedg'd in with the maia,  
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes ;  
 Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,  
 Salute thee for her king : \* 'till then, fair boy,  
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

*Const.* O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks!—

From the eighth line might be drawn this scene ; which lies before the walls of Angiers. *Lewis* the young Dauphin, might be taking *Arthur* kindly by the hand, which will admit of the attitude of *Lewis* being drawn with much grace. The Arch-duke of *Austria*, and King *Philip*, may be gazing on *Arthur*, with generous attachment, and with nearly  
 as

\* Shakespeare omits no opportunity of celebrating his country. He has given further instances of his attachment to this *pale and white-fac'd shore*, in many other parts of this play, and particularly, in his generous prophecy at its conclusion. In his *Richard II.* *Henry V.* and in *Cymbeline*, he cannot forget to speak of England. How well might Shakespeare have indulged the hope of Petrarch—*when time* (says Petrarch) *which nothing can resist, shall have mouldered away my tomb : the air of this beloved country, shall gently agitate the ashes it enclosed.* Dennis, in his prologue to *Julius Cæsar*, makes the ghost of Shakespeare (who rises to the harmony of trumpets and flutes) speak these lines :

*Oh, may my scenes be still your chief delight !  
 So may you long be fortunate in fight !  
 So may your glory, like my genius soar,  
 And tower to heights ye never knew before.*

Milton does not forget his country ; in his *Mask of Comus*, he calls it

— an *Isle*,  
*The greatest and the best of all the main.*

as much affection as his mother *Constance*. At a small distance might be introduced their troops (but not such ragamuffins as are generally painted) with the flag, or colours of France—the introduction of these colours, generally adds a spirited effect. The Arch-duke should wear the same bold covering which was worn by *Richard Cœur de Lion*; and which may be seen in Vertue's portrait of this *Richard*.

### Page 49, Act 3, Scene 1.

The scene almost immediately preceding this act, gives an awful prelude to the appearance of *Constance*—for on King *Philip*'s enquiring where she was, he is informed

She is sad and passionate at his Highness' tent.

And in this present scene, she appears with all the wildness of afflicted agitation.

It may not be amiss (before we consider the present scene) to quote some passages from all those writers who have recorded the excellence of particular actresses, in this arduous and daring part of *Constance*. But it must be remembered, that there have been many other actresses, who have eminently distinguished themselves in this part; and yet whose merits (in this character of *Constance*) have not been much recorded in *print*.

( Mrs. CIBBER. )

“ This lady, though by much the youngest actress (I mean in point of experience) on the stage, has almost all her time reigned unrivalled in the hearts of the people. There is a delicacy in her deportment, and a sensible innocence in her countenance, that never fails to prejudice the spectator in her favour, even before she



she speaks. Nor does Mrs. *Cibber*'s subsequent behaviour erase these first impressions: her expressions of the passion of grief, surpass every thing of the sort that I have seen. There is a melancholy plaintiveness in her voice, and such a dejection of countenance, (without distortion) that I defy any man, who has the least drop of the milk of human nature about him, to fit out the distresses of *Monimia* and *Belvidera*, when represented by this lady, without giving the most tender and affecting testimonies of his humanity.

Nor has Mrs. *Cibber* less force (when she pleases to exert it) in the different modes of rage. There is a wildness in her aspect, and a rapidity in her utterance, that are admirably suited to the characters of *Constance* in *King John*, and *Alicia* in *Jane Shore*."

*The Roman and English Comedy, considered; by S. FOOTE, Esq. 8vo. 1747.*

"Whoever observes Mrs. *Cibber*, in her repeated playing of *Indiana*, will find continually something new in her manner, her gesture, and deportment. All her attitudes in his distress, speak the same emotions of despair; but the whole frame is as capable of variety in expression, as the voice. This is not the only proof we have of that actress's really possessing that enthusiasm of the theatre, on which all great acting depends; and of her perfectly losing herself in the character; of her being not Mrs. *Cibber*, but very *Indiana*; very *Lady Macbeth*; and very very *Constance*. Her variety is no where seen so much, as in this last named character: It has been indeed so great, that many have questioned whether she now played it so well as some years since; but they answer themselves by the very conduct of the question. While one insists she is not equal to her former self, and another that she is greater than ever; enquire more strictly, and you find they saw her on different nights. The question is not, whether Mrs. *Cibber* acted *Constance* better some years ago or now, but whether she acted it better on *Tuesday* or on *Thursday*; and the whole result is, that Mrs. *Cibber* has great variety. The spirit and gesture of one night might not please some; those of another night, others; according to their different judgments. Mrs. *Cibber* is equal and alike worthy their applause in all."

Preface to RICCONONI'S HISTORY of the STAGE.

"Mrs. *Cibber*, in the whole scope of her great excellence, never shewed her great tragic feelings and expression to more advantage than in *Constance*; there was a natural tendency to melancholy in her features, which heightened in action, and became so true an index of a woe-fraught mind, that with the assistance of her nightingale voice, she became irresistible; and almost obliged us to forget every other character

in raptured contemplation of her merit. Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Barry have both powerful capabilities for the part, but can never justly hope to equal their great predecessor Mrs. Cibber, who must be always remembered with pleasure and regret by all persons of taste, who had the happiness to shed the sacrifice of tears at the shrine of her melting powers."

DRAMATIC CENSOR, Vol. 2, 1770.

"For the last twenty years, she remained in the quiet possession of all the capital characters, and in the hearts of the enamoured public. Her voice was musically plaintive—in parts of softness and distress, she appeared truly amiable—without being remarkable for *beauty, gentility, or elegance of dress*. Of all the variety and extent of the tragic passions, I know of none equal to that of *Constance* in *King John*; Mrs. Cibber surpassed all that have followed her in that character.—When she entered with dishevelled hair, and wildness in her eyes! having lost her son—*her pretty Arthur*—the *Cardinal*, and others attempting to comfort her—she sunk on the ground—and looking round with a dignified wildness and horror, said,

————— Here I and sorrow sit!—  
Here is my throne!—bid Kings come bow to it!—

Nothing that ever was exhibited, could exceed this picture of distress! and nothing that ever came from the mouth of mortal, was ever spoken with more dignified propriety. The late Mrs. Woffington, who was excellent in many parts of this character, could never succeed in this particular passage. Mrs. Cibber never executed it without a burst of applause from the whole audience.—I have endeavoured to give a very faint idea of Mrs. Cibber's excellence in *Constance*! But who can be capable of conveying to those who have not had the delightful satisfaction of seeing her, the peculiar looks of distress! and the powers of her action, when she was fully animated with her character!—

VICTOR, vol. 3, p. 80, 1771.

"Shakspere's *King John* was played with great success at Drury-lane. The King was personated by Mr. Garrick with very great skill, and unusual energy of action; but it must be confessed that Mrs. Cibber, by an uncommon pathetic ardor in speaking, and a surprising dignity of action and deportment, threw every actor in the play at a great distance. This had a greater effect, from her never having before attempted

attempted characters where power of voice and action were so greatly requisite to express the passions of rage, anguish, and despair."

LIFE OF GARRICK BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 298.

"Lady *Constance's* passionate effusion of rage, grief, and indignation, from which scarce a line or thought can be expunged, to his eternal disgrace, Colley Cibber has either entirely suppressed, or wretchedly spoiled, by vile and degrading interpolations: nay, the whole scene is so deformed and mutilated, that little of the creative power of Shakespeare is to be seen in it.

To utter, with the utmost harmony and propriety, all the succeeding changes of grief, anger, resentment, rage, despondency, reviving courage, and animated defiance, incidental to Lady *Constance*, and to accompany them with correspondent propriety and vehemence of action, was a happiness only known to Mrs. *Cibber*. Mrs. *Hallam* wanted not spirit nor pathos in this part; nor would Mrs. *Pritchard* have fallen so below herself, if Colley Cibber had not misled her. To speak the truth, Mrs. *Cibber* has had no successor in this part but Mrs. *Nates*, who yet, it must be confessed, notwithstanding her great and justly applauded skill, is inferior.

When Mrs. *Cibber* threw herself on the ground, in pronouncing

—————Here I and sorrows sit:  
Here is my throne—bid Kings come bow to it.

her voice, look, and person, in every limb, seemed to be animated with the true spirit which the author had infused into her character."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 34.

"I have already taken notice of Mrs. *Cibber's* uncommon excellence in *Constance*. It was indeed her most perfect character. When going off the stage, in this scene, she uttered the words,

O Lord! my boy!

with such an emphatical scream of agony, as will never be forgotten by those who heard her."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 55.



The foregoing extracts are all that I have been able to discover, respecting the personating of *Constance* by Mrs. *Cibber*.<sup>\*</sup> And I will now subjoin the very few memorials that I have been able to discover of other actresses having performed *Constance*.—

“ Mrs. *Hallam* was an actress of such uncommon merit, that she deserves to be particularly remembered. Her performance of *Lady Constance*, was natural and impassioned; though she was not so pathetic in utterance, spirited in action, or dignified in deportment, as Mrs. *Cibber* in the same part.

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 7.

“ The

<sup>\*</sup> The reader may not be displeased, in perusing some other testimonies, to the general merit of Mrs. *Cibber*.

————— “ from her eye each heartfelt passion breaks,  
And more than music warbles when she speaks :”

HOOLE'S MONODY ON WOFFINGTON.

“ Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,  
With rival excellence of Love and Rage,  
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill  
To turn and wind the passions as she will ;  
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,  
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow ;  
To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,  
And freeze the soul with horror and despair ;  
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,  
Conscious of worth superior, CIBBER came.”

CHURCHILL.

“ Her person was perfectly elegant ; for although she somewhat declined beyond the bloom of youth, and even wanted that *embon point* which sometimes is assistant in concealing the impression made by the hand of time, yet there was so complete a symmetry and proportion in the different parts which constituted this lady's form, that it was impossible to view her figure and not think her young, or look in her face and not consider her handsome. Her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain ; and so much equal command of feature did she possess, for the representation of pity or rage, of complaisance or disdain, that it would be difficult to say, whether she affected the hearts of an audience most, when playing the gentle, the delicate

*Celia,*

"The old man (Cibber) was continually advising Mrs. Pritchard, who acted Lady Constance, to tone her words; but she, by obeying her own feelings, and listening to her own judgment, gained approbation and applause; which was not the case

C 2

with

*Celia*, or the haughty, the resenting *Hermione*; in the innocent, love sick *Juliet*, or in the forsaken, the enraged *Alicia*. In a word, through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and, could we forget the excellence of Mrs. Pritchard, we should be apt to say, inimitable."

BAKER'S BIOG. DRAM. vol. 1.

"To what I have already said of Mrs. Cibber's inimitable power of acting, I have little more to add. Her great excellence consisted in that simplicity which needed no ornament; that sensibility which despised all art: there was in her person little or no elegance: in her countenance a small share of beauty; but nature had given her such symmetry of form and fine expression of feature, that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life. The harmony of her voice was as powerful as the animation of her look. In grief and tenderness her eyes looked as if they swam in tears: in rage and despair they seemed to dart flashes of fire. In spite of the unimportance of her figure, she maintained a dignity in her action, and a grace in her step.——When she sung in the oratorio of the Messiah at Dublin, a certain bishop was so affected with the extreme sensibility of her manner, that he could not refrain from saying, *Woman! thy sins be forgiven thee!*"

LIFE OF GARRICK, BY DAVIES, vol. 2, p. 109.

But of all the encomiums on the matchless Cibber, none equals the Poem to her memory, which Mr. Keate gave the public in the year 1766. Its length alone prevents me giving it at large (in a note already too much lengthened)—and to give my readers separated parts, would be destroying the harmony of a composition, dictated by a most feeling heart, and elevated fancy. I must, however, quote some few of the lines which the TRAGIC MUSE addresses to the shade of Cibber:

*Clos'd are those eyes which knew each vary'd art,  
And all my meaning with such force inspired;  
Call'd tears of pity from the melting heart,  
Froze with wild horror, or with rapture fir'd!*

*By Death's cold hand those features now are bound,  
That once could ev'ry change of Passion wear!  
Mute is that voice, whose more than magic sound  
Stole like soft music on the ravish'd ear!*

*And fix'd those limbs in funeral weeds array'd,  
Us'd to the studied elegance of dress,  
That every graceful attitude display'd,  
Great as these circling, sculptur'd forms express!—*

with his son Theophilus, who acted the *Dauphin*, and Mrs. Bellamy, who acted Lady *Blanch*: They, by obeying their director's precepts, were most severely exploded."

DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES, BY DAVIES, vol. 1, p. 141.

We may suppose Mrs. *Betterton* to have shone in *Constance*, from what Colley Cibber says of her:—"Time could not impair her skill, though he had brought her person to decay. She was, to the last, the admiration of all the true judges of nature, and lovers of Shakespeare, in whose plays she chiefly excelled, and without a rival."\*

CIBBER'S APOLOGY:

And the same conjecture may be formed of a Mrs. *Barry*—of whom Cibber thus speaks:—"Mrs. *Barry*, in characters of greatness, had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestick; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her: and when distress, or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody, and softness. In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive."†

CIBBER'S APOLOGY.

Though the powers of Mrs. *Pritchard*, Mrs. *Tates*, and Mrs. *Crawford* in the part of *Constance*, have not been much noticed in *print*; yet theatres have given them loud and generous applause:—

"I have said more than once, what magnificent horror she infuses into passages like this, (speaking of Mrs. *Crawford*, in *Belvidera*)—her *Alicia*, in *Jane Shore*; her *Constance*, in *King John*; and *Calista*, in the *Fair Penitent*; are striking instances of that frantic declamation that does not break upon the ear discordantly, but leaves her hearers wrapt with astonishment at her boundless powers!"

REVIEW OF MRS. CRAWFORD AND MRS. SIDDONS, IN BELVIDERA.

\* There is an original portrait of Mrs. *Betterton*, at Dulwich College—she appears (says my informant) to have been a most beautiful woman, with expressive eyes, and features strongly marked.

† The only portrait of Mrs. *Barry*, that I have heard of, is at Hampton Court, by Kneller. See the *Aedes*. Walpo. p. 45.

In



In the Scene that we are now going to consider; and which paints so well the passion and tenderness of *Constance*—there are no less than *ten* situations which demand the exertion of a superior pencil—for in *each* of them, *Constance* might appear with the most spirited advantage. I will transcribe the whole of this scene—and the passages in Italics, are, perhaps, the points most likely to strike an artist. If one Print only is to be engraved for this scene; how are we to determine from which passage it should be taken?—Were many designs sketched; that design no doubt would be chosen, which should appear, on nice inspection, to be faultless.—

### Act 3, Scene 1.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

*Const.* *Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!*  
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!  
 Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces  
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;  
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;  
 I trust, I may not trust thee: for thy word  
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;  
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
 A woman, naturally born to fears:  
 And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,  
*With my vent spirits I cannot make a truce,*  
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

*Why*

*Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?*

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true as I believe you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*Const.* Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which in the very meeting fall and die.—  
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy, *then where art thou?*  
France friend with England! what becomes of me?  
*Fellow be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;*  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.

*Const.* If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly, and scandalous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and fightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose; but fortune, oh!

She

She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
 And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;  
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone  
 Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
 I may not go without you to the king's.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, *I will not go with thee:*  
*I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;*  
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.  
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
 Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,  
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
*Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.*  
 [Throws herself on the ground.]

To paint the wild, impassioned grief and despair,\* of *Constance*, and to join with these passions, her fond attachment to *Arthur*, must be the painter's object in this scene. And indeed each of the above passages affords so much scope for the exhibiting a masterly display of character: that to recommend attitudes, or to attempt to display the varying pas-

\* Though the grief of *Constance*, at the conclusion of this present scene, borders on *Despair*—yet it will be more proper to introduce stronger marks of that passion in her countenance, after the battle—as her son is then taken prisoner, and she has then, many reasons to fear, she must never see him more.

In the Exhibition of 1779, was a head of *Despair*, by the late Mortimer.



sions and sudden transitions of *Constance*, would be too assuming for the writer of this *prospectus*, and would be an insult to each artist. That man would paint happiest, and his conceptions would be most fine and elevated, who had witnessed the magic powers of Cibber—for *she* gave every passage from her *heart*.

Some might chuse to paint from that line, where she alarms the good *Salisbury*, with her rapid utterance of

*Fellow be gone ; I cannot brook thy fight !*

Or, when she herself is alarmed, at his looking so sadly on her son.—While others might prefer, her clasping the beauteous *Arthur* by the hand, with all the agitation of her spirits momentarily subsiding and giving way to the transport with which she speaks this fond eulogium :

*But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :  
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lillies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose.—*

I was going to say, that I scarce thought a finer scene could be produced, than from this last passage—but when I consider *the look* which Mrs. Cibber must have given, when she threw herself on the ground—and when I reflect on the tremulous voice, and tender entreating manner, with which she must have spoken the lines of :

*With my vext spirits I cannot make a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.—*

As well as *her* attitude, *her* voice, and *her* look, when she mournfully exclaimed to *Salisbury*:

*Why does thou look so sadly on my son!*

I own it is not in my power, determinately to fix on any one passage.\*

## Page 71.

—————If the midnight bell  
Did, with his-iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one unto the drowfy race of night;  
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs—

When *John* wishes to disclose to *Hubert*, his bloody purpose—he works on him by guilty pauses, and by looks, more than by speech—and if looks such as Garrick threw at *Hubert* could be now retained; we might

\* What scenes would Shakespeare have written, had he beheld Mrs. Cibber!—In his days, it is well known, that no women acted on the Stage—female characters were represented by men.

If *Constance* should be drawn from the first words in italics, in the above scene (which she speaks on her entrance)—then see somewhat of that expression which is given to the Tragic Muse, in Pine's print of Mr. Garrick, speaking the Ode.

If she should be drawn from the line of: *I will instruct my sorrows to be proud.*—her countenance should then be marked with a dignity of suppressed anguish.

D

accom-

accompany the page of his own Shakespeare, with the most bold and expressive painting.†

*John's* turbulent and gloomy mind, may be equally well pourtrayed from the following lines, as from those above—

————— *Dost thou understand me?*  
Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

*John* *Death.*

*Hub.* *My Lord?*

“ This is one of the scenes (says Mr. Stevens) to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection ; and time itself can take nothing from its beauties.”

† We have to regret, that the powers of Garrick's acting in this scene, are not as faithfully conveyed to us, as Mr. Dance's pencil has preserved him, in another character :

*Not Garrick's self, to Shakespeare's spirit true,  
Display'd that spirit clearer to our view,  
Than Dance expresses, in it's fiercest flame,  
The poet's genius in the actor's frame.  
From Garrick's features with distraction fraught,  
He copies every trace of troubled thought ;  
And paints, wobble back the waves of battle roll,  
The storm of sanguinary Richard's soul.*

HAYLEY'S EPISTLE TO ROMNEY.

A few words in an *Eloge sur le Kain*, may be applicable to Garrick's expression in this scene—  
*le feu sombre et terrible de ses regards.*

See the *dress* of *John*, in a richly engraved metzotinto from this play, by Val. Green, from after a painting by J. Mortimer.

I have



I have made it a point never to omit recommending to my reader's inspection, any print taken from Shakespeare, that possessed even the smallest degree of merit—and I am unwilling, therefore, to overlook an idea that is given of *Eleanor* and *Arthur*, in the print prefixed to Lowndes's edition of this play, and which print is taken from the present scene—and though the figure of *Eleanor* is by no means characteristic of the Queen-mother: yet still the idea that is there given, is worth improving on. I wish I could recommend the figures of the *King* and *Hubert* in this print.

## Page 75.

*Constance* might have been well painted from page 55, when she vents her execration.—

Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings !  
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !  
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 Wear out the day in peace ; but ere sun-set,  
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings !  
 Hear me, oh, hear me !

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.

*Const.* War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.  
 O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame  
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward.—  
 ——— Thou cold blooded slave,  
 Has thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?

Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend  
 Upon *thy* stars, *thy* fortune, and *thy* strength?  
 And does thou now fall over to my foes?  
 Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs!—\*

And there are doubtless many of the above lines, in favor of which much may be said; and from which, might be drawn Pictures of great expression—but I am tempted to overlook them, in order to proceed to a scene of more importance:—

*Enter* CONSTANCE.

*K. Phil.* Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—  
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!

*K. Phil.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!

*Const.* No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
 Death, death!—*Oh amiable lovely death!*  
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
*Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,*  
*Thou hate and terror to posterity,*  
*And I will kiss thy detestable bones;*  
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;  
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
 And stop this gasp of breath with fulsome dust,  
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:

\* Each line, in this indignant charge, must penetrate the very heart of *Austria*: when reproached with the look, the voice, and attitudes of an actress like *Siddons*.—How interesting is *Austria*, in a former scene, where he spreads his colours, in the behalf of *Arthur*!

*Come,*

*Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
Oh, come to me.*

*K. Phil. Oh, fair affliction, peace.*

*Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—  
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.*

*Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.*

*Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so;  
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
If I were mad, I should forget my son;  
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:  
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.*

*K. Phil. Bind up those tresses: Oh, what love I note  
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, inseparable faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.*

*Const.*



*Const. To England if you will.*

*K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.*

*Const. Yes, that I will ! And wherefore will I do it  
I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,  
Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty !  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven ;  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,  
To him, that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,  
I shall not know him : : therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.*

*Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.*

*Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.*

*K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.*

*Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?  
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,*

I

*I could*

*I could give better comfort than you do.—*

*I will not keep this form upon my head,*

*[Tearing off her head-dress]*

*When there is such disorder in my wit.*

*O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!*

*My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!*

*My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [Exit.]*

I have marked in Italics those lines which struck me as being the best adapted for the furnishing expressive Paintings—and if we reject the painting *Constance* and the other characters, at the moment of her speaking the apostrophe to death—or from her affecting request of

————— *Misery's love,*

*Oh, come to me!*

accompanied with the tender soothing of *King Philip*—or if we reject the painting her from those lines where she fears never to behold her *Arthur* more—or from her contemptuous look at the proud *Pandolph*—yet, we ought by no means to pass over that passage, which Mrs. Cibber uttered with a scream of agony, and with a wildness, the remembrance of which is not yet erased from the minds of her surviving admirers—indeed the plaintiveness of Cibber's voice—the grief painted in her countenance—and the truly tender tone with which she gave the former passages of this scene, never failed to draw as abundant tears from the house, as her enthusiastic utterance of this following passage chilled every auditor:—

*I will not keep this form upon my head,*

*When there is such disorder in my wit.\**

*O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son! †*

\* In Bell's first edition of this play, is a beautiful print of Lady *Constance*, taken from these two first lines; and though it possesses the most sweet grace; yet I forbear to recommend its insertion in any future projected edition, from its being wanting in that expression of *wild despair*, which is so essentially required in these lines.

† See Davies's account of Cibber's speaking this line, in a former page of this *prospectus*.

The deep lamentation of *Constance*, reminds one of the tender lines in Henry VI.

*My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,  
For from mine heart thine image ne'er shall go.  
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;  
And so obsequious will thy father be,\*  
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,  
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.*

### Page 80.

The deep policy of *Pandolph*, is most masterly drawn in this page—he has meditated the invasion of England; and he now works up to his purpose the Dauphin *Lewis*, with language the most spirited and forcible. This *holy* Cardinal, seems one of those spirits, who would set even

————— *the aspiring Cataline to school.* —

and he enforces his arguments by prophetic, and by most ardent expectation of success. There are many parts of his speech, from whence the strong lines of his character might be caught—and perhaps the following passages would not be inadequate ones :

Page 80. *Pand.* A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintained, as gain'd.

Page 80. *Pand.* ————— the times conspire with you !

\* Dr. Johnson observes, that this word *obsequious*, means, careful of obsequies or of funeral rites.



Page 81. *Pand.* O, Sir!

Or, at these spirit-stirring lines of:

Page 81. *Pand.* Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot!  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,  
Than I have named!

Page 81. *Pand.* For England go!—

The singular drefs of *Pandolph*, will not be unpleasing. But it is unpleasing thus to give my reader scraps of scenes. I trust, however, that the Shakespearean reader, will accompany me with the last edition of Johnson and Steevens.

Page 82. \*

*Northampton. A Room in the Castle. Enter HUBERT and Executioners.*

*Hub.* Heat me those irons hot; and, look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground; rush forth;  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*Exec.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—  
[*Exeunt Executioners.*]  
Young lad, come forth, I have to say with you.

\* The young Prince might be well drawn in page 70, at the line of—O, *this will make my mother die with grief*—but I have passed over that tender line, in order to hasten to this present scene.

Enter ARTHUR.

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I :  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long ;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me :  
He is afraid of me, and I of him :  
*Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?*  
No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to day :  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :  
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—

\* *Read here, young Arthur—*

[*Shewing a Paper.*

How

\* What an attitude and expression might be given to *Arthur*, when he reads this warrant ! and what conflicting passions might be painted in the countenance of *Hubert* !—I could mention one or two ideas, which I have met with in the production of artists : somewhat simular and correspondent to what I now allude

How now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*]  
 Turning spiteous torture out of door?  
 I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
 Out at my eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart? when your head did but ache,  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me),  
 And I did never ask it you again:  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
*Many a poor man's son would have lain still,*  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.

allude to—but the advice of *Guido*, deters me—"What model (said a Bolognese nobleman to *Guido*) supplies you with the divine and graceful air of your female heads? I'll shew you, replied the artist, and calling his colour grinder, a great lubberly brawny fellow, with a brutal countenance, he bad him sit down, turn his head, and look up to the sky; and then, taking his chalk, drew a *Magdalen*: and when the nobleman saw, with astonishment, an angelic figure arising from the attitude, lights and shadows of the colour-grinder, *Guido* addressed him in the following words: My dear Count, there is no enchantment here; but tell your painter, that the *beautiful and pure idea* must be *in the mind*, and then it is no matter what the model be." I cannot however prevent, requesting my reader to look at the more than human expression of the Infant, in a print from after *Le Noir*, engraved by John Clarke, pupil to Mr. Bartolozzi, from a picture in the collection of Mr. Duane.

The Vignette in Bell's last edition of this play, (and which is taken from this present scene) is not I think so happily conceived, as it might have been.



Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
 And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will;  
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* If an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.  
 [*HUBERT stamps, and the Men enter.*]

*Hub.* Come forth; do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For Heaven's sake, Hubert; let me not be bound!  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend;  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to your's.

*Hub.*

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven! that there were but a moth in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
Or, Hubert if you will, cut out my tongue,  
*So I may keep mine eyes*; O, spare mine eyes;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;  
There is no malice in this burning coal;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And like a dog, that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office; only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu ;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead.  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
*And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.*

*Arth.* O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee.\* [ *Exeunt.*

The above is one of those scenes, that want “ no kind entreaty to attend to them ”—and the tears that flow from an artist on the perusal, will best guide his pencil in painting the tender and eloquent pleading of *Arthur* : in a style, if possible, equal to that pathetic which Shakespeare has exhibited.

How would Albano, or Titian, have painted *Arthur*—and how might Sir Joshua Reynolds paint him !—the portrait of *Edwin*, from Beattie's *Minstrell*, and the entreating look and attitude of one of the children in *Ugolino*, will convince us what fine expression he would give to *Arthur*—and the very soul of the dark but relenting *Hubert*, would be conveyed to us, through his pencil.

\* The passions of the audience, during this terrible scene, are suspended between hope and fear, between apprehension of the prince's death and expectation of Hubert's remorse. It is with pleasure I have observed a thousand melting eyes resume their lustre, when Hubert quits the bloody purpose, and embraces the child.



The expression in the face of *Arthur*, should be what we have reason to suppose the meek disposition of Raffaele gave him, at his age of ten or twelve years old. He should be what Shakespeare's *Fidele* was: *a most rare boy of melancholy*.\*

But to enable ourselves still better to pencil the innocent youth of *Arthur* (as well as the other scenes of our great dramatist)—we should observe the advice laid down in “a Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, on the distribution of the prizes, December 10th, 1784”—for we are there told, that *the habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist-like mind; it is impossible in the presence of those great men, to think, or invent in a mean manner: a state of mind is acquired that is disposed to receive those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity.*

### Page 91.

A groupe of most expressive figures might be taken from this page, at the moment of *Hubert's* informing the *King*, that *Arthur* is dispatched. For *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*, suspecting from the *close aspect* of *Hubert*, some vile errand: fix their eye strongly on them both—and *Salisbury* observes that.

The colour of the King doth come and go  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent.

\* See the young Prince, in Cypriani's print of the Queen of Edward IV.—the Vignette to the Legendary Tale of Richard III.—Vertue's print of the tender youth of Edward VI.—Mr. Gainborough's print of a Shepherd—and see the drawing by Shelley, in vol. 1. of “The Artist's Repository,” lately printed for Williams, No. 43, Holborn. I do not exhibit this last, as conveying the idea of *Arthur*: yet still it has too much merit to be overlooked.

Or, what looks would this subsequent passage require from *John*—and what strongly expressive ones should be given to Lord *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*, when *John* (knowing they suspect him of the murder) thus addresses them :

Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?  
Think you, I bear the sheers of destiny ?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?—

The countenance of *Hubert*, will shew the mood of a *much* troubled breast.

Lord *Salisbury* was one of those, who went to seek the grave of *Arthur*.

Page 92.

King *John's* situation is now become exceedingly embarrassed. He fears the revolt of *Pembroke* and *Salisbury*—and still further to encrease his perturbation, a messenger arrives, with tidings of an immense army having landed to attack him—On news so alarming and unexpected : he rapidly cries out—

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?  
Where hath it slept ? Where is my mother's care ?  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it ?

*Mef.* My liege, her ear  
Is stopt with dust : the first of April, dy'd  
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,

*The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd \**

Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !  
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France ?—  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here ?

*Mef.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter FAULCONBRIDGE and PETER OF POMFRET.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings ? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Faul.* But if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

\* The *Death of Lady Constance*, might produce as fine a picture as the *Death of Cleopatra*; and deserves to be as much immortalized by the ideal conceptions of great painters. She might be drawn at the moment of her grieved spirit departing “from the prison of afflicted breath”—and it would require no common pencil to delineate (suitable to the wild fancy of Shakespeare) the agonized frenzy of her last scene (not overstepping however the propriety of nature)—and to imprint at the same time on her countenance, the softened marks of a sublime grief.

With what spirited ardour might *John* be drawn, when blaming, to the messenger, the delay of his intelligence—Shakespeare has infused in this rapid utterance (as well as in a subsequent one which he addresses to *Falconbridge*) the spirit of his own *Richard*—And how finely might be painted his start and look, when he is told of his mother's death—Nor would less exertion of the pencil be required, to paint his attitude, and dark uplifted aspect, at the invocation of

*Withbold thy speed, dreadful occasion !*

But the passages in our author, which are calculated to exercise the powers of an artist, are of such extensive and almost unlimited variety, that we are compelled to relinquish and pass over numberless scenes and passages, which might otherwise have embellished an edition, with the noblest engravings.



*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin ; for I was amaz'd  
Under the tide : but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood ; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Paul.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travelled hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasy'd ;  
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams ;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear ;  
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels ;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next ascension day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou say so ?

*Peter.* Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him ; imprison him ;  
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :  
Deliver him to safety, and return,  
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,  
[Exit HUBERT with PETER.  
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd ?

*Paul.* The French, my lord ; men's mouths are full of it :  
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire),  
And others more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies :  
I have a way to win their loves again ;  
Bring them before me.

*Paul.*

*Faul.* I will seek them out.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—  
O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Faul.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*]

*K. John.* Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.  
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.

*Mef.* With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* My Lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:  
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons! †

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:

† Shakespeare well knew the superstition of the times he is now describing: and has therefore added fresh terror to the imagination of *John*, by alarming him with this portentous omen. He has no doubt taken the idea, from this passage of his old friend honest Holinshed:—*About the month of December, there were scene in the province of Yorke fyve moones, one in the east, the seconde in the west, the thyrde in the north, the fourthe in the south, and the ffyfe as it were set in the middes of the other, having many starres aboute it, and went fyve or six tymes in compassing the other, as it were the space of one hour, and shortly after vanished away.* No pen ever touched on the marvellous, or on portentous imagery, with the magic of Shakespeare. In his *Richard II.* we have an admirable instance of the awful colouring his genius gave to these subjects.

Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :  
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
 And whisper one another in the ear ;  
 And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;  
 Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action  
 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
*I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,\**  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste,  
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)  
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :  
 Another lean unwash'd artificer  
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears ?†  
 Why urges thou so oft young Arthur's death ?  
 Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause  
 To wish him dead, but thou had'st none to kill him.

*Hub.*

\* There are two prints already published from these lines—one of them is painted by Donaldson, and engraved by Finlayson—and the other is painted by Penny. Not having either of the prints before me, prevents me saying how far either of them might be safely recommended to accompany the page of Shakespeare. I but faintly recollect either of them ; but one of them, I know is much superior to the other. When one of these is selected as preferable to the other : there might then be introduced such alterations as would render it faultless—and in that state it might be engraved to accompany an edition.

A fine caricature might be sketched from these lines :

*Old men, and beldams in the streets  
 Do prophecy upon it dangerously.*

† What strong colourings of the human passions, are given in the remaining part of this scene!—the merit of which is so great, that it should be accompanied by none but the most masterly designs. Had Salvator Rosa read Shakespeare, he probably would have painted from *Macbeth*—but his mind might have been absorbed in the dark spirit of this scene. Among other reasons which lead me to conjecture, that Salvator would have chosen *Macbeth*, I give the following account of a picture by him—

“ A



*Hub.* Had none, my Lord? why, did not you provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life:  
And, on the winking of authority,

"A most capital picture by Salvator (says Pilkington) is at Versailles, of which the subject is Saul and the Witch of Endor; and that single performance, displays the merit of the painter in the strongest point of light. The attitude of Saul is majestic, while the expression in his countenance is a judicious mixture of anxiety of heart, and eagerness for information. It is also observed by good judges, that there is a dignity in the character of the witch, but it is a kind of dignity, very different from that of the monarch; it is enthusiasm."

Those who have witnessed the intelligence of Garrick's eye, and the supreme power which he possessed over every feature and every passion of the human breast, are best enabled to determine, which of the above lines would furnish the best subject for an artist. We have now indeed at this day, much reason to feel the force of Cibber's exclamation, that *the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them; or at best can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators.* At the representation of this tragedy on the stage, we now look in vain for him who should be there—and whom we could have wished to have detained a little longer—for the turbulent and gloomy passions of *John*, must not now be expected to receive the character which Garrick gave them. Each succeeding day, now lessens the remembrance of talents—to the possessor of which, might justly have been applied the compliment given to *La Rive*:

*Melpomène a tes mains, confie ses poignards.*

Davies, thus speaks of the actors of *John*, in the present scene.—

"Delane and Mossop wanted neither fire nor force to express anger, rage, and resentment, with truth and vigour. Sheridan and Quin, endowed with less power, were obliged to supply that requisite by art. Here Garrick reigned triumphant: he was greatly superior to them all. His action was more animated; and his quick transitions from one passion to another, gave an excellent portrait of the turbulent and distracted mind of John. When Hubert shewed him his warrant for the death of Arthur, saying to him, at the same time,

*Here is your band and seal for what I did,*

"Garrick snatched the warrant from his hand, and grasping it hard, in an agony of despair and horror he threw his eyes to heaven, as if self convicted of murder, and standing before the great Judge of the quick and the dead, to answer for the infringement of the Divine command."

To

To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

*K. John.* *Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation! †*  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done. Had'st not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord—

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;  
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—

† See the look of *John* in a metzotinto engraved by Val. Green, from after J. Mortimer, of Powell and Bensley, in the characters of *John* and *Hubert*. The landscape, and engraving of this print are very rich,—but *Hubert* is not so well drawn. This print was taken from page 117.

It would be injustice to Mr. Bensley not to declare, that his representation of *Hubert*, has ever been most faithful and spirited.

Out of my sight, and never see me more !  
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,  
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :  
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine  
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 Within this bosom never entered yet  
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,  
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;  
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live ? O haste thee to the peers,  
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 And make them tame to their obedience !  
 Forgive the comment that my passion made  
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,  
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood.  
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring  
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste :  
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]



## Page 102.

When the lords have resolved not to stain their pure honours, by joining in the approaching battle with the guilty king—whose foot *leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks*—they are suddenly struck with the dead body of *Arthur*, beautifully cloathed in a *ship-boy's* semblance, the better to favour his escape from the castle, in descending from the walls of which he lost his life—And this present scene might be taken either from the appearance of *Arthur*, when supplicating the ground to *hurt him not*: assisted with the scenery of the embattled walls, and gothic appendages of Northampton castle:—Or from the attitudes and corresponding looks of *Bigot*, *Pembroke*,† and the honest and indignant *Falconbridge*, when *Salisbury* (supposing *Arthur* to have been murdered) pointing to his breathless corps, says:

————— could thought, *without this object*,  
 Form such another? This is the very top,  
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
 Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
 The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
 That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,  
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

The scene goes on:

*Falc.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
 The graceless action of a heavy hand.—

*Sal.* It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
 The practice, and the purpose of the king:—

From

† For the countenance of *Pembroke*, see the same Print that I have mentioned for *Balthazar's*, in *Romeo and Juliet*

From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
*Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,*  
*And breathing to this breathless excellence*  
*The incense of a vow, a holy vow;*  
 Never to taste the pleasures of this world,  
 Never to be infected with delight,  
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
 'Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
 By giving it the worship of revenge.—§

Or, we may select another point in this scene to draw from ; and where the stern resentment which *Falconbridge* shews, at the untimely end of *Arthur*, will give an opportunity for his soldier-like figure appearing to that advantage, which his behaviour in this scene so much merits—for, when the Lords are gone—*Falconbridge* (who strongly suspects him) thus accosts *Hubert* :—

*Falc.* ————— knew you of this fair work ?

[pointing to the body.

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
 Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.

*Falc.* Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;

— — — — —  
 — — — — —  
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

§ The dead body of *Arthur*, will lead the mind to reflect on the sad end of a princely boy, who promised much—and to reflect on the prophecy of the Queen-Mother to *John*,

— you green boy shall have no sun to ripe,  
*The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.*

\* Perhaps these two lines which I have omitted were foisted in by the players.

G

*Hub.*

*Hub.* Upon my soul,—

*Falc.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam  
To hang thee on : or, would'st thou drown thyself,  
Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !—

*Falconbridge* concludes this scene, with a strong imaged picture of the  
discontents and confusion of the times ; and observes, that

— happy he, whose cloak and cincture can  
Hold out this tempest.

## Page 108.

In a former page, it is observed by the Queen-Mother, that *Falconbridge* possesses the very spirit of *Plantaganet* ; and his intrepid mind accompanies him through every scene. A fine subject is now offered to the artists from this page, of the drooping and daunted spirit of *John*, when he has been told by *Falconbridge* of *Arthur's* death—for when that intelligence is given him, the remembrance of his cruelty to the Prince, (and the consequent revolt of the nobles) prevents him from ever more  
recovering



recovering his alacrity; and he requires the intrepid roufings of the *Bastard*, to make him assume a *dauntless spirit*, at a time when

— wild amazement hurries up and down,  
The little number of his doubtful friends.

Shakespeare has given to *Falconbridge*, that bustling and aspiring spirit which he delighted to exhibit. Borgognone is acknowledged the prince of battle painters, from the inimitable fire and elevation of thought which distinguish his compositions—In the battles of Borgognone (says the Count Algarotti) we are really apt to fancy that the trumpet sounds—Well, therefore, may our Shakespeare be termed the Borgognone of the drama—for none like him could paint the *proud controul of fierce and bloody war*. And in the following lines, the undaunted *Falconbridge* endeavours to animate *John*, with his own fire :

— Wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act as you have been in thought,  
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire!— \*

G 2

Page

\* Mortimer, in his print of King John ratifying Magna Charta, has given us the *dress* of *John* and *Falconbridge*.

The very numerous subjects which this play offers for the engraver, obliges me to reject the following passages.—

Page 111. *Lewis*. Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
Between compulsion and a brave respect!

Page 116. *Falc.* ————— Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;

Sound

## Page 125.

We now bring *John* to his last scene at Swinstead Abbey—and the Poet's art makes one feel some commiseration for him, notwithstanding the pollution of his crimes. This scene might be drawn either from this point:

*Henry.* How fares your Majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forfook, cast off.—

Or,

Sound but another, and another shall,  
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need),  
Is warlike John; and *in his forehead sits*  
*A bare-ribb'd death*, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Mortimer would have sketched from the lines in italics. He has exhibited a somewhat familiar idea in his portrait of Richard II. Mr. Hayley has well described this painter:

*The rapid Mortimer of spirit wild:  
Imagination's dear and darling child.—*

Page 117. *John.* This fever, which hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; *Oh, my heart is sick!*

In this last short dialogue, "Garriek's look, walk, and speech (says Davies) confessed the man broken with incessant anxiety, and diseased both in body and mind. Despair and death seem to hover round him."

And

Or, from the following passage: when he tenderly looks at *Falcon-bridge*:

*K. John. Oh cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:*

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;  
And all the shrowds, wherewith my life should sail,  
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:  
*My heart bath but one poor string to stay it by,*  
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.\*

Or,

And the last speech of the Count de *Melun* (wounded and led in by soldiers) when revealing the treachery of *Lewis*, offers a picturesque subject:—

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king,  
The love of him, and this respect besides,  
(For that my grandfire was an Englishman)  
Awakes my conscience to confess all *this*.  
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;  
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
In peace; and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

\*From the first of these lines, is taken the print in Hanmer—but how strangely has Hayman conceived the character of *John*! In recompense for having given him a mean expression, he has been willing to give him a *wig*—which however in this his illness, he has kindly taken off, and supplanted it by a modern velvet cap. *John* more resembles a mercer or a linen-draper expiring, than the King of England. See however the abbey, the orchard, and the dress of the *Bastard*, in this print.

It is strange that Sir Thomas Hanmer should admit into his edition, some of those plates which Hayman furnished him with—they are many of them an actual disgrace to the scenes they were meant to embellish—a mean conception pervades most of them. Hayman gave designs for all the plays in Hanmer's edition, excepting those contained in the 4th volume, which were designed by Gravelot—and one need only refer to this 4th volume, to be convinced, how much more enabled Gravelot was to design from Shakespeare, than Hayman. The unerring marks by which the pictures of Hayman are soon distinguished, followed him in the designs he gave for the five plays of our author, collated by Jennens.



Or the scene might be taken from the lines, which the faithful and brave *Falconbridge* addresses to his dead master :

*Falc.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

And in order to do that full justice to this scene which it so richly merits; we should endeavour to copy the picture here given.—“I should not forget (says Davies) to speak of Mr. Garrick’s excellence in the dying scene of John. The agonies of a man expiring in a delirium were delineated with such wonderful expression in his countenance, that he impressed uncommon sensations, mixed with terror, on the admiring spectators, who could not refuse the loudest tribute of applause to his inimitable action. Every word of the melancholy news, uttered by *Falconbridge*, seemed to touch the tender strings of life, ’till they were quite broken, and he expired before the unwelcome tale was finished.”§

Tail-

§In a Morning Herald for November, 1785, is the following account of the performance of this tragedy at Drury Lane.—

The *Constance* of Mrs. Siddons was all the most enthusiastic admirers of *Shakespeare* could ever conceive. Next to her, shone the *Bastard*, as personated by *Smith*, who was not only lively and animated, but at once gave a true picture of a brave and steady adherent.—*Kemble* scarcely ever appeared to more advantage than in *John*; his scene with *Hubert* was excellent, and his dying one merits commendation.—*Bensley’s* *Hubert* was chaste and affecting; and the amiable simplicity of the supplicating *Arthur* was delightfully hit off by Miss *Field*, who drew tears from almost every eye in the House.

And a Morning Post, for the same month, thus speaks of the same performance.—

After an interval of two years, the tragedy of *King John* was performed at this theatre, in which Mrs. Siddons represented the character of *Constance*. Though the part is much shorter than her admirers would wish, yet it affords an opportunity of calling forth those powers which she so eminently possesses. Her anguish at the loss of her son, was expressed in a style which has seldom been equalled,  
and,

## Tail-Piece.

As Gravelot's design for Theobald's edition of this play, possesses much merit; it should, I think, be preserved in respect to the memory of a man, whose designs for Shakespeare's plays, have surpassed most others. I wish, therefore, to recommend a fac-simile of this print, for this department. The attitudes and dresses of *Hubert* and *Arthur*, are well pencilled, and indeed the chief objectionable part of this print, is perhaps the chair—which is wanting in that antiqueness which usually attends those in sullen prisons, and which would be more correspondent to the chairs of that day. I wish the early impressions only of this print to be looked at; as they have not that very coarse effect which accompanies the impressions for the later editions—and this is not to be wondered at, when Mr. Steevens informs us, that no less than 11,360 copies of Theobald's edition, were printed prior to the year 1778—though indeed the cuts of Gravelot have been prefixed only to the 12mo. edition.

If the above should not be approved of, we might then supply it's place, by a design from some one of those passages which are mentioned

and, we believe never surpassed. Mr. *Kemble*, in *King John*, was frequently applauded, and, we think with sufficient justice. He supported the character with dignity and propriety, and in some parts shewed a masterly conception of the author. The unfolding of his purpose to have *Prince Arthur* murdered, was conducted with great judgment, and much approved by the audience. Mr. *Smith* in the *Bastard* was excellent. We should do injustice to Miss *Field*, if we did not acknowledge that she represented *Prince Arthur* with much propriety. In the scene with *Hubert*, where she petitions for her life, she did ample justice to the persuasive language of the immortal Shakespeare. Mr. *Bensley* did sufficient justice to *Hubert*; and Mr. *Aikin* acted *King Philip* with dignity and attention.

in the foregoing notes. If the design should be sketched from the groupe of figures under the walls of Northampton Castle (one of the prints recommended for page 102)—then endeavour to shade the landscape with that solemn hue, which is given in the tinted drawing of Penrith Castle, *illuminated by the departing ray of the sun*) in Mr. Gilpin's Observations on the Lakes. Or some might prefer the same glow of evening which so sweetly ornaments page 123, of the first volume of this truly elegant work.

Or, (in lieu of the above) would it not be pleasing to the surviving spectators of Mrs. Cibber, to view her portrait annexed to a magnificent edition of that poet, to whose scenes her talents rendered so much justice—to view the resembling portrait of her, who reign'd triumphant over all in *Constance*. And posterity will no doubt wish to view the exact features of that woman, who was the darling of the theatre: whose voice was *beyond conception plaintive and musical*—and whose eyes *in grief and tenderness looked as if they swam in tears*, and which in rage and despair *seemed to dart flashes of fire*. The most pleasing portrait I have seen of Mrs. Cibber, is that engraved by J. Marchand, from after T. Hudson, published in 1749.\*

\* A list of such Paintings as have been taken from this play; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. Hubert yielding to the entreaties of Arthur, by Fuseli; being No. 86, of the Exhibition in 1775. I have not seen this.

2. A scene in Shakespeare's King John, act 5, scene the last, by Ryley; being No. 644, of the Exhibition of this present year. I have not seen this.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in *Italics*.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hammer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.

6. A cut



6. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.
7. Powel and Bensley, in the characters of John and Hubert ; engraved by Val. Green, from after J. Mortimer.
8. *Pope.*
9. *Taylor.*
10. *General Magazine.*
11. *A print engraved by Finlayson, from after Donaldson, from the words : " I saw a Smith stand with his hammer thus."*
12. *A print from the same words, painted by Penny.*

H

KING

It is a very interesting and important question, and one which has been discussed in many different ways. The following are some of the main points which have been raised in connection with this question.

1. The first point which has been raised is the question of the nature of the evidence which is required in order to establish the fact of a crime.

2. The second point which has been raised is the question of the burden of proof, and the standard of proof which is required in order to establish the fact of a crime.

3. The third point which has been raised is the question of the admissibility of evidence, and the rules which govern the admission of evidence in a court of law.

4. The fourth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to a fair trial, and the principles which govern the conduct of a trial.

5. The fifth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be presumed innocent, and the principles which govern the treatment of a person who is accused of a crime.

6. The sixth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be heard by a court of law, and the principles which govern the conduct of a hearing.

7. The seventh point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be represented by a lawyer, and the principles which govern the conduct of a lawyer.

8. The eighth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be tried by a jury, and the principles which govern the conduct of a jury.

9. The ninth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be sentenced to a term of imprisonment, and the principles which govern the conduct of a sentence.

10. The tenth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be released from prison, and the principles which govern the conduct of a release.

11. The eleventh point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be compensated for the loss of liberty, and the principles which govern the conduct of a compensation.

12. The twelfth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be rehabilitated, and the principles which govern the conduct of a rehabilitation.

13. The thirteenth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be treated with dignity, and the principles which govern the conduct of a treatment.

14. The fourteenth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be treated with respect, and the principles which govern the conduct of a respect.

15. The fifteenth point which has been raised is the question of the right of a person to be treated with compassion, and the principles which govern the conduct of a compassion.

KING

H

# KING HENRY V.

---

—— a Muse of fire that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention!

The tragedians who took their subjects from Homer, had all the advantage a painter could have, who was to draw a picture from a statue of Phydias or Praxiteles. Poor Shakespeare from the wooden images in our mean chronicles, was obliged to form his portraits!—

MRS. MONTAGU.

The pencil of the divine poet has thrown a light on their characters, far superior to the composition of the most elaborate narratives. What the historian coldly relates, Shakespeare by the glow of genius, animates and realizes.

PREFACE TO THE DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES OF DAVIES.

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## Vignette.

A sketch might be taken for this department, from page 141.—The groupe would be dreadful—but no ways unsuited to the battle of Agincourt. This subject would have been seized by Salvator Rosa. And the *wild rage* of the wounded steeds, yerking at their dead masters, would have equally well suited the spirit of Reubens. See more of this *royal fellowship of death*, in page 148. If this design was well sketched, it would be a future study for dying attitudes. Round this proposed Vignette, might be thrown some trophies of war, somewhat similar to those very rich ones, in M. de Louthembourg's plate to Bell's last edition of this play. See also the trophies round those of the last edition of Coriolanus, and the third part of Henry 6th. And see the ornament by Ramberg, to the same edition of Julius Cæsar.



# KING HENRY V.

The highest mark of distinction  
is the highest mark of distinction.

The university who took their subjects from Henry, and all the advantage of  
the could have who was to draw a picture from a statue of Henry or Francis.  
Poor Shakespeare! from the wooden images in our rooms, Shakespeare was obliged to  
draw his portraits.

Mrs. Montagu

The period of the drama has brought light on their characters, the lighter  
on the combination of the most elegant characters. What the drama could do  
that Shakespeare by the glow of genius, imagination and reason.

FRANCE AND THE DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES OF DAVIES

## Vignette.

A French might be taken for the argument, from page 12. The French would be treated as  
no more entitled to the battle of Agincourt. This subject would have been raised by Sir Walter Scott.  
And the strategy of the war of the French, which is now a subject, would have been equally well treated  
the spirit of the French. The spirit of the French is the spirit of the French. It is the spirit of the French.  
well treated. It would be a subject to be treated as a subject. It would be a subject to be treated as a subject.  
on the French. The French is the French. The French is the French. The French is the French.  
to the French. The French is the French. The French is the French. The French is the French.  
and the French. The French is the French. The French is the French. The French is the French.

## Head-Piece.

An entire and exact fac-simile (equally well engraved) of M. de Loutherbourg's Vignette to Bell's last edition of this play. Were the *Boy* somewhat altered: it would be a perfect design. And in order to admit of this alteration, the circle may be a little enlarged. After viewing this design, we cannot much commend the same figures in Bell's first edition—though two of them are not ill drawn—and the drefs of *Piffol* is not amifs—yet the foul of this last fantastic character, is but faintly given.

Were the other fcenes from our great author, to be drawn with the fame mafterly fidelity, as this of M. de Loutherbourg's: an edition might be projected, which would demand, and receive the approbation, of the moft critical *amateurs* of Europe. Mr. Boydell's expected edition, from the names of many of the artists, bids fair to ftand the test of fevereft opinion.

Scene-

## Scene Prints.

Enter CHORUS.\*

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;  
Following the mirror of all christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air;  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point,  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,  
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.  
The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!

An

\* Much picturesque imagery and description, is dispersed (in fine language) through the other choruses (and no wonder, when they were the production of a *musé of fire*)—but the imagery is of that kind that cannot well present subjects to an artist. As Shakespeare, in this historical play, is so partial to the admission of the chorus: what sublime ones would he have composed for the tragic drama of *Macbeth*, had he there thought their introduction essential. Mr. Mason, in his letter prefixed to *Elfrida*, has these words:

“But, whatever these play-makers may have gained by rejecting the chorus, the true poet has lost considerably by it. For he has lost a graceful and natural resource to the embellishments of picturesque description,



An ideal fancy sketch of *Expectation in the air*—might be taken from the above lines, in order to accompany this page—and it should be engraved in as rich metzotinto, as the *Angel contemplating the mystery of the cross*, from the painted window of the chapel of New College, Oxford. And were this presented imagery, drawn from the sublimed idea of grace which would attend the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds: Shakespeare's page would then charm a future age, with a conception of fancy equal to his own.

The sword might not be at all visible; or at best, but dimly seen through the envelopement of curling clouds.

There is somewhere in Italy, a painting of *an angel, listening to the sound of the last trump*.

Page

description, sublime allegory, and whatever else comes under the denomination of *pure poetry*. Shakespeare indeed, had the power of introducing this naturally, and, what is more strange, of joining it with *pure passion*. But I make no doubt, if we had a tragedy of his formed on the Greek model, we should find in it more frequent, if not nobler instances of his high poetical capacity, than in any single composition he has left us. I think you have a proof of this, in those parts of his historical plays, which are called choruses, and written in the common dialogue metre. And your imagination will easily conceive, how fine an ode, the description of the night preceding the battle of Agincourt would have made in his hands; and what additional grace it would receive from that form of composition."

Garrick delivered on the stage, the choruses in *Henry 5th* with masterly elocution; and Henderson's speaking them, is thus recorded:—

"He thought highly, and not unjustly of his own merit, in speaking the choruses to Henry the Fifth, which being rather an unpopular play, he did not, I believe, appear in after January 1779, when I saw him. His figure acquired grace from the Vandyke habit. His recitation led me to regret it was not repeated. He was accurate, animated, energetic."

LETTERS AND POEMS OF HENDERSON, p. 253.

Who

## Page 40.

*Quick.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John:  
Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian,  
that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The King hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the  
even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right;  
his heart is fractured, and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes  
some humours, and careers.

Who but feels for Shakespeare, when his indignant spirit breaks out, in the conclusion of the third  
chorus.

*And so our scene must to the battle fly,  
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—  
The name of Agincourt,—*

Shakespeare's imagination had been heated with Holingshed's description of the battle.—What scenes had been written, had he beheld the audiences, and the theatres of to-day—and yet in spite of those disadvantages, he has produced scenes which have not yet been equalled; and we may confidently and proudly prophecy, they will never be surpassed. In his prologue, he tells us, that *Harry* should have risen like himself, had there been a less unworthy scaffold, to have exhibited him on, and better audiences to have beheld the swelling scenes. Let us then forgive him in the first chorus, his fond habit of playing upon words—a luxury which he could not resist even in his most grand and elevated scenes—a pun was to poor Shakespeare, irresistible—it was indeed (to use Dr. Johnson's expression) *the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.*

These

These associates of *Falstaff*, might have been drawn from the above passage, if a superior scene for painting their respect to their old master, had not presented itself in page 52. Their characters may therefore be sketched for this present page, either from that passage where *Nym* tells *Pistol*, he will cut his throat—from that passage where *Quickly* very oddly expresses her apprehension of *Falstaff's* dissolution—from that line where *Bardolph* endeavours to make them friends—or where *Nym* demands the eight shillings—or from the following lines.—

*Pist.* Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

Mother *Quickly*, is one of that shallow company, to which his Grace of *Canterbury* alludes, in the first scene of this play, when he descants on the perfections of *Henry*.

Had Hogarth been living, he might probably have sketched many a scene of these eccentric personages, with the same happy truth that runs through the whole, and through the most minute part of *Trim reading the sermon*. In this print, Hogarth has given an instance, of his being able to draw from the ideas of another, as inimitably as he could design from his own.\*

I

Page

\* The only scenes Hogarth ever drew from Shakespeare, are the following ones:—*The Examination of the recruits before Shallow and Silence*, purchased by Mr. Garrick, at Lord Essex's sale, for 50 guineas.—A sketch in chalk, on blue paper, of *Falstaff and his companions*, now (as Mr. Nichols informs us) in the possession of Mr. S. Ireland—and, *Mr. Garrick in Richard*, for which the late Mr. Duncombe paid 200l. Had Hogarth either painted, sketched, published, or given away, any other productions of his pencil, of any kind, they would have been discovered by the attentions and enquiries of Mr. Walpole and Mr. Nichols. The abovementioned two first subjects, are taken from *Henry 4th*—and the



## Page 46.

In the Chorus preceding this page, Shakespeare glances at the treason of *Scroop*—who, with the Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*, had formed a plot to assassinate *King Henry*, before his embarkation for Southampton. This present scene is entirely devoted to that historical transaction.† And on the perusal of this scene (in which the *native mightiness* of *Henry's mind* is finely painted) many lines will strike the artist as being suited to our present purpose—particularly the attitudes of surprize of the traitors, when reading the unexpected warrants for their execution—when mention is made of the *sweetness of affiance*—or, when *Henry*, with all the dignity (yet with all the mild grace) of offended majesty, thus says:—

---

Go therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches to your death:—

the only characters in the present play of *Henry 5th.* which are likely to be therein drawn, are *Bar-dolph*, the *Page*, *Quickly*, and *Pistol*. *Nym* only appears in *Henry 5th.* It must be pleasing to see Hogarth's idea of any of these characters. On recollection, however, Hogarth has drawn *Falstaff* and *Pistol*, in his *Southwark Fair*, but he has copied their figures from the stage, and has not given his own original idea of them.

† On perusal of the Chorus preceding this scene, each reader will apply to our poet, the words he gives to the Duke, in *Twelfth Night*.

*Thou dost speak masterly!*

but

but the artist's mind will incline him to select, and to prefer painting those emotions of the soul, which each conspirator must feel, when the *King* addresses this terrible appeal :—

---

But  
*What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop!*

A picture taken from this point of the scene, will require an artist capable of very great and various expression—for he must paint the dignity of *Henry's* mind, accompanied with every grace of attitude and princely deportment—must paint the treacherous spirit of *Scroop*—and must give to *Cambridge*, and to *Gray*, the livid marks of detected guilt.

*Henry's* character, as drawn by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, is very noble ; and an artist should imprint on his features, the marks of those high qualities that *Canterbury* ascribes to him. There is something interesting in the portrait of *Henry*, at Kensington palace, which *Vertue* engraved.

‡ Buffon, in his *Histoire naturelle de l'homme*, thus eloquently speaks of the human face :

“ Lorsque l'ame est tranquille, toutes les parties du visage sont dans un état de repos, leur proportion, leur union, leur ensemble marquent encore assez la douce harmonie de pensées, et répondent au calme de l'intérieur ; mais lorsque l'ame est agitée, la face humaine devient un tableau vivant, où les passions sont rendues avec autant de délicatesse que d'énergie, où chaque mouvement de l'ame est exprimé par un trait, chaque action par un caractère, dont l'impression vive et prompte devance la volonté, nous décèle et rend au dehors par des signes pathétiques les images de nos secrètes agitations.

“ C'est sur-tout dans les yeux qu'elles se peignent et qu'on peut les reconnoître ; l'oeil appartient à l'ame plus qu'aucune autre organe, il semble y toucher et participer à tous ses mouvemens, il en exprime les passions les plus vives et les émotions les plus tumultueuses, comme les mouvemens les plus doux et les sentimens les plus délicats ; il les rend dans toute leur force, dans toute leur pureté tels qu'ils viennent de naître, il les transmet par des traits rapides qui portent dans une autre ame le feu, l'action, l'image de celle dont ils partent, l'oeil reçoit et réfléchit en même temps la lumière de la pensée et la chaleur du sentiment, c'est le sens de l'esprit & la langue de l'intelligence.”

Some few years ago, Pine painted this subject, of *Henry* discovering the treason of *Scroop*. The picture was the size of those others which he took from Shakespeare, and which he publicly exhibited at Spring-Gardens, in 1782—but this picture of *Henry* was not then exhibited; it was painted since that year. Pine, I believe, is now in America; and where the picture is, I know not. As far as my recollection will extend, it possessed a merit, sufficient to entitle it to accompany (with a few alterations) the most splendid edition.

### Page 52.

When news is brought of *Falstaff's* death to his old companions: a regret at parting with him diffuses itself through each breast—*Bardolph* can no more *be blyth*—*Nym* cannot rouse his *vaunting vein*—the lively and jocular *Boy*, for some short time retards his mirthful repartee---and even ancient *Pistol's* heart *doth yearn* :—

*Bard.* Would I were with him, where'some'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning 'o the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John? goth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay

More



more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did ; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation ; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Quick.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic ; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon *Bardolph's* nose ; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire ?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire !

This tender farewell to *Falstaff's* memory, gives me no bad idea of the humane and generous disposition of Shakespeare—and the scene might be drawn, either from the sympathetic look of commiseration which they all give, when *Quickly* thus concludes her inimitable account of his dissolution :

————— and all was cold as any stone !

Or, from the above passage in italics—where a flash of *Falstaff's* merri-ment is remembered by the pleasant *Boy* : with *Bardolph's* good-natured answer and affectionate apostrophe to his master's memory :

*Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire !—*

If

If the *King* had heard mine hostess *Quickly*, pay her last respects to *Falstaff*, his generous heart would have yearn'd : from a recollection of his having been too severe on old acquaintance *Jack*—whose mirth had beguiled many an hour, and whose *humourous conceits* had afforded him much pleasantry.—We have the testimony of *Nym* (as well as *Pistol*,) that the *King* had run bad humours on the *Knight*—and, indeed, when dame *Quickly* is told by the *Boy*, that Sir John is very sick, and would to bed—she replies: “ By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days : *the king hath kill'd his heart.*”

The painter who drew the fine characteristic vignette, to Bell's last edition of *Love's Labour Lost*, would soon give a perfect figure of the sprightly *Boy*—of whom more may be seen in the second part of *Henry 4th.* for he was there (as he is in this play) the page of *Falstaff*. There are only two other figures of this *Boy*, ever published ; viz. one in Bell's first edition of *Henry 5th.* which possesses some merit, but which does not, however, convey a perfect idea of him ; and the other is in Hammer's second part of *Henry 4th.* but this is a very poor figure.

*Mortimer* has thrown much good nature on the countenance of *Bardolph*, whose head he has etched from a scene in *Henry 4th.*—indeed, there is so much good humoured pleasantry in his phiz, that one is sorry he should be hanged, even though for robbing a church : which it seems he did, in his expedition with the army into France—for thus *Fluellin* informs the *King* :—

*K. Henry.* What men have you lost, *Fluellin* ?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' adversary hath been very great, very reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plus, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Henry.*

K. Henry.. *We would have all such offenders so cut off:—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language: for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.*

And, indeed, we are further informed of other misdemeanors :

Boy. *Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel.—*

Had Mortimer lived, what scenes would he have painted from Shakespeare!—The expected edition of Mr. Boydell, would have received an additional lustre, if it could have incorporated with its other artists, the name of Mortimer.\*

The face of *Bardolph*, in the two parts of Henry 4th. was a continual incitement to poor Falstaff's merriment.†

The only figures of *Bardolph* yet published (except that by Mortimer) are, one in the edition of the first part of Henry 4th, by Lowndes, which is tolerably well sketched—a poor figure in Theobald's first part of Henry 4th.—another poor one in Hanmer's first part of Henry 4th. and one in his second part of Henry 4th.—and which (tho' worth the reader's looking at), but no means conveys the idea of this character.

\* Among many real desiderata, I will mention only two.—*A Life of Mortimer, by Mr. Walpole.*—and a *Translation of Vasari, by Mr. Hayley.*

† Had *Bardolph* been the only character in this scene, some would have preferred a coloured drawing, or etching: to have better exhibited his face. Indeed a coloured drawing, or etching, would more characteristically give the singular dresses of all the characters.



In one of Hayman's plates from his paintings at Vauxhall, are figures of *Bardolph*, and of *Quickly*; but they are both too paltry to merit any notice.

The only prints of *Pistol*, are one in Bell's first edition of Henry V. which we should have liked better, if it had not been for the masterly figure of this character, lately given us by M. de Louthembourg, in Bell's last edition of Henry V.—and another figure of *Pistol*, is that unmeaning and insipid one, prefixed to Theophilus Cibber's Dissertations; and in which, the boots, the belt, and the sword, are the only things above contempt. Cibber's performance, however, of the character, was, I believe excellent. There is a fourth print of *Pistol*, in Hogarth's *Southwark Fair*—and a fifth, which I have not seen.\*

Of corporal *Nym* (this other fantastic offspring of the poet) no sketch ever been taken, at least not published.†

Of mine hostess *Quickly*, no good one.—Those in Hanmer's, and in Rowe's Henry IV. are miserable ones,—that in Taylor's publication of the Merry Wives of Windsor, is not much better—nor does that in the edition of Theobald's Henry IV. convey a good characteristic idea of *Quickly*. Mrs. Pitt (both in dress and acting) exhibits on the stage, a perfect idea of her.

\* “ John Laguerre engraved a print of Falstaff, *Pistol*, and Doll Tear-sheet, with other theatric characters, alluding to a quarrel between the players and patentees.” Vertue's catalogue of Engravers.

† The Boy thus speaks of him:—For Nym—he hath beard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own: and that was against a post, when he was drunk.

## Page 116.

When *Henry* has finished his masterly soliloquy on the hardships attending royalty (replete with the most striking reflections, and which Shakespeare put into the mouth of *Henry* merely to enhance the value of his favourite character)—Sir *Thomas Erpingham* informs him that all is ready for the battle—on the delivery of that intelligence the Knight departs—and *Henry* being left alone, (and on the moment of advancing to the battle), thus breaks out.

O God of battles! steel my soldier's hearts!  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them!

The portrait of *Henry* (in rich metzotinto), drawn from the above words in italics, might accompany this page. And though in this present scene he should be cloathed in armour, yet perhaps a fancy dress might render his person more pleasingly commanding.\* His suit of armour however might be made to produce a striking effect, by the waving plume of white feathers in his beaver, and by the addition of some few ornaments, which no doubt distinguished the royal soldier.†

K

But

\* In strictness I believe, he should still wear the cloak of Sir *Thomas Erpingham*.

† The History of England, thus describes the king's appearance, on the morning of the battle.—  
“ He first paid his devotions to heaven, and then dressed himself in all the magnificence of a royal warrior,—when, ordering his men to be drawn out, he appeared at the head of the first line, on a stately white

But the mind, the soul of *Henry*, is what the painter will delight in—and he will endeavour to strike out features expressive of the amiable and noble picture which Shakespeare has drawn of the *fifth Harry*. In the prologue, and in the choruses, and indeed in almost every scene, may be traced the warm idea which Shakespeare conceived of *Henry*. His predilection for him, commenced at mine hostess *Quickly's*, in Eastcheap—followed and protected him through various scenes of danger, and mad-cap revelry—and closed with his funeral obsequies in the first scene of *Henry VI.*

The painter should exhibit the native fire of that *Harry*, who in the field at Shrewsbury, beat down the never-daunted *Piercy* to the ground—and who,

*\_\_\_\_\_ with his beaver on,  
Rose from the ground like feather'd Mercury;  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat  
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.*

Had not the above selected words of *O God of battles!*—offered a fine point for *Henry's* portrait: some might have given his portrait (muffled up), when musing on the painful accompaniments on grandeur—or when delivering these lines, in his address to *Westmoreland*:

*We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,*

white courser, with four royal banners waving before him; a number of led horses with embroidered equipages behind, and surrounded by all the chief officers of his court and army."

Holinshed, thus mentions the soldiers waiting for the battle.—"They rest themselves, waiting for the bloody blaste of the terrible trumpet, 'till the houre betwene IX and X of the clocke."



*Shall be my brother :—be he ne'er so vile,*

*This day shall gentle his condition,*

## Page 133.

Though M. de Louthembourg has so admirably caught the character of *Pistol* from this present scene, (recommended for the Head-piece)—yet the scene offers too rich a morsel to be passed over, without sketching from it another print. And it might be taken from the underwritten passage in italics :

*Pist.* Tell him, my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

*Fr. Sold.* *Petit mounfier, que dit-il ?*

*Boy.* *Encore qu'il est contre & ca—*

Or, from this passage in the same page :

*Pist.* ————— Follow me cur,

*Boy.* *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

\* In the last edition of Johnson and Stevens, are given the two following notes, on this line of :

"This day shall gentle his condition."

This day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. *Johnson:*

King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to assume coats of arms, *except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt*; and, I think, these last were allowed the chief seats of honour at all feasts and public meetings. *Tollet.*

If another artist attempts to surpass the *Pistol*, and the *Soldier* of M. de Louthembourg, it will be a hazardous attempt. That gentleman however, who has given us *The return from the grand tour* (sold by Campione of Oxford) would well sketch this scene—and our *second Hogarth* would produce a masterly scene.

Had not the engraving of M. de Louthembourg's print been finely adapted for the expression of his figures, I should have hinted at this present scene being engraved similar to the drawing of Guercino's *Clio*, in the second volume of the Collection of Drawings published by Rogers.

## Page 136.

After the battle *King Henry* enters with his train; and the Duke of *Exeter*, thus movingly relates to him the end of *York* and *Suffolk*.

*Exe.* The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

*K. Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,  
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array (brave soldier), doth he lie,  
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side  
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds),  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.  
Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*  
*My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:*

H

Tarry

*Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;  
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
 We kept together in our chivalry !  
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up :  
 He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,  
 And, with a feeble gripe, says—Dear my lord,  
 Commend my service to my sovereign.  
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;  
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
 A testament of noble ending love.  
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;  
 But I had not so much of man in me,  
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
 And gave me up to tears !*

This scene may be confined to the figures of *York*, and of the young Earl of *Suffolk*, from the point of

*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !  
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :—*

Or it may admit the introduction of the Duke of *Exeter*, and be painted from this other passage :—

————— *Dear my lord,  
 Commend my service to my sovereign.*

Though we cannot paint *York*, as covered with blood *from helmet to the spur*—yet we may imprint on his countenance, the dying marks of a brave and undaunted soldier. ‡

‡ Virgil, when mourning over the body of *Euryalus*, thus closes that tender episode :

*Tum super exanimem sese projecit amicum,  
 Confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.*

Had



Had Gravelot been living, he would have given much grace to their figures; if we may judge from his print prefixed to Theobald's first part of Henry VI.—from the figures of *Kent* and *Lear*, in the same edition—and from his designs prefixed to Hanmer's edition of the third part of Henry VI. See a dying attitude by Bouchier, in the second volume of the Drawings, published by Rogers.—see the armour, the figure, and the landscape, in M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell's last edition of the third part of Henry VI.—and by no means omit seeing the reclined figure, in Gravelot's design for the seventh book of the *Henriade*, in a late English translation of Voltaire's works.

This scene (as a contrast to the other engravings) might be a stained drawing;—and the time of evening when *York* fell, might be tinted with the same sky that we see in the plate, facing page 95—the plate facing page 123—or the plate facing page 187, of the first volume of Mr. Gilpin's *Observations on the Lakes*. *York* fell at the close of the battle, which ended about four o'clock in the evening of the month of *October*.

The spot of ground, should possess that retirement from the battle, which we see in the abovementioned print of M. de Louthembourg; and the reader will not be displeased at viewing the landscape facing page 113 of the abovementioned volume of Mr. Gilpin.—and on viewing the exquisite scenes of nature, and the extreme neatness of the figures in that work, he will breathe a wish that the same delicate pencil would ornament one page of Mr. Boydell's edition with the voluntary production of his genius—for the landscape scenery required for the *Winter's Tale*, and for *As you like it*, would receive from his hand, a degree of perfectness, that few, very few artists of the age, could attain to. Those will join with me in opinion, who will inspect the almost insurpassable neatness of the landscape facing page 55, of the second volume.

In

In the back-ground, might be given a distant view of some part of the fierce and bloody battle, such as a faint sight of the hurtling of the arrows, with their customary dreadful effects. The foremost horse, in the cut prefixed to Rowe's edition, offers an idea worth improving on. I can have no other motive for recommending such a cut to an artist, than a wish to remind him of every faint glimpse, that may possibly tend even in the most remote degree, to the more correct, and consequently more splendid and honourable decoration of our great dramatick poet. This motive has made me frequently intreat an artist's attention to designs, which have but a very poor claim to approbation. See likewise the uplifting of the sword, and see the standard, in a drawing by Borgognone, in the first volume of Rogers.†

Page 147.

*K. Henry.* Give me thy glove foldier; look, here is the fellow of it.  
'Twas me, indeed, thou promised'st to strike, and thou hast given  
me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is  
any martial law in the orld.

*K. Henry.* How canst thou make me satisfaction?

*Will.* All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any  
from mine, that might offend your Majesty.

*K. Henry.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

† An equally fine Picture might be taken from the attitudes and expression of *Henry* and *Exeter*, when the latter relates to him the manner of *York's* death.

*Will.* Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appeared to me, but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

*K. Henry.* Here uncle *Exeter*, fill this glove with crowns,  
And give it to this fellow. *Keep it, fellow:*  
*And wear it for an honour in thy cap,*  
*Till I do challenge it.* Give him the crowns:  
And captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has smetle enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve-pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes; come, wherefore should you be so pashful; your shoes is not so good; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

The *King's* condescension, in entering into the scenes of *easy merriment* with his soldiers, renders him very pleasing; and he seems as fond of joking with honest *Fluellin*, as *Fluellin* is proud of him—all the water in the *Wye*, cannot wash your Majesty's Welch blood out of your pody, I can tell you that.—

From the above first lines in italics, might be drawn this scene; and the look of faithful respect which the grateful heart of the soldier will give to *Henry*, will form an interesting addition to the graceful figure of *Henry*, the respectful one of *Exeter*, and to the picturesque (and perhaps *outré*) figure of *Fluellin*. *Fluellin's* revenge or anger to *Williams*, is not of long continuance—he joys in seeing him receive the *King's* reward. Those who recollect the character of *Kent*, in *King Lear*, is per-



sonated by the late Clarke, will have a perfect idea of the brave and honest *Williams*. Gravelot has drawn (for Theobald's edition) the figures of the *King*, and *Williams*, for that scene where they exchange gloves—it is a pretty groupe, and the figure and dress of the *King* is rather graceful; but they will neither of them serve for the present scene.

I know of no sketch or figure of *Fluellin*. His figure must be enlivened with characteristick nature, by Bunbury, Louthembourg, or Rowlandson.\*

### Page 153.

*Pistol* having been too frequent in his *gleeking and galling* at poor *Fluellin*, on account of his having spoken favourably of leeks: this brave yet cholerick Welchman now appears on the stage with *Gower*, wearing that ornament in his hat, and fully determined to avenge himself on *Pistol* for his insults, by making him eat the leek—and indeed *Fluellin* does not now retain that favourable opinion which he once conceived of *Pistol*—for in a former scene, in the honesty and simplicity of his heart, he took him (from his brags and boasts), to be a second Mark Antony.—*there is an antient lieutenant then at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony.—*

\* *Fluellin* might have been well drawn from page 70—or from page 145, at these words:

*Flu*, Stand away captain *Gower*; I will give treason his payment in two plows, I warrant you.

L

*Pistol*

*Pistol* soon enters, *swelling like a turkey-cock*—and after a humorous dialogue, *Fluellin* (after striking him) thus accosts him :

*Flu.* ———— *You call'd me yesterday, mountain-squire ; but I will make you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to ; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.*

*Gow.* Enough, captain, you have astonished him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—*Pite, I pray you ;\** it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

If M. de Louthembourg was to paint from one of the above passages in italics, he would not now give to *Pistol*, the look which he has given him, in the former mentioned print for the Head-piece. Few artists would chuse to give the publick their idea of *Pistol*, after viewing the figure which de M. de Louthembourg has given us.

This is the last time that the companions of *Falstaff* entertain us.—and to this scene, Dr. Johnson has subjoined the following note :—“ The comic scenes of *The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. *Falstaff* and Mrs. Quickly are dead ; Nym and Bardolph are hanged ; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery ; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how ; and *Pistol* is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure.”

† How would Edwin speak these four words |

## Tail-Piece.

The only Print that will be required of the *fair and princely Katherine*, may be taken from this part of the dialogue, in the last scene of this play:

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love the enemy of France?

*K. Henry.* No; it is not possible, that you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France.—

The pleasing print drawn by Burney for Bell's last edition of this play (from the above lines), possesses so much merit; that no better design of the princess can be wished for—and were that print of *Katherine* to be accompanied with the figure of *Henry* (as he was gracefully personated by the late Spranger Barry)—it would form a very beautiful print for this scene of *Henry's* courtship.

We have only one other print of *Katherine*, in any of the editions; and that is, in Bell's first edition; but this can by no means be compared with the print of Burney. Had not his print possessed the merit it does, I should have desired the reader to have inspected the print of Miss Yonge, in Bell's first edition of *Antony and Cleopatra*, as conveying by no means an imperfect idea of *Katherine*.



If the above selected passage should not be approved of; they might then be equally well (if not better drawn) from one of these following :—

Page 163. *K. Henry.* ——— It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to speak so much more French.—

Page 164. *K. Henry.* ——— But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Can'st thou love me?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lov'st me :

Page 165. *K. Henry.* ——— which word thou shalt no sooner blefs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Page 166. *K. Henry.* ——— You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. —

The union of *Henry* and *Katherine*, ends with this wish'd for prophecy:

*Fr. King* Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up  
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.\*

A list of such *Paintings* as have been taken from this play ; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. King Henry discovering the treason of Scroop. Painted by Pine.
2. See a former note, where mention is made of some paintings by Hogarth.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.—
6. A print of Theo. Cibber, in Pistol, prefixed to his *Dissertations on the Theatre*.
7. *Pope.*
8. *Lowndes.*
9. *Taylor.*
10. *General Magazine.*
11. *The Battle of Agincourt, engraved by Ryland from after Mortimer. The original is in the possession of Mrs. Mortimer.*

1875

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# ROMEO AND JULIET.

---

Scenes, from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

Dr. JOHNSON.

Milton is not more the *pride*, than Shakspeare the *love* of his country. When Milton appeared, the pride of Greece was humbled. It is therefore equally judicious to diffuse a tenderness and a grace through the praise of Shakspeare: as to extoll in a strain more elevated and sonorous, the boundless soarings of Milton's epic imagination.

ANON.

When Ben Jonson wrote, it was from his head—when Shakspeare wrote, he sat down, and dipt his pen in his own heart.

Mr. GARRICK.

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## Vignette.

So infinite are the variety of Designs that might be sketched for a Vignette to this tragedy; and so unlimitedly various and different are the ideas that would predominate in the mind of each artist: that I shall no longer detain my reader than briefly to point out, a very few of those subjects that would best accord with the nature or spirit of this drama.

1. A genii tenderly surveying a medallion of Mrs. Cibber, and thus conveying to posterity (in the page of Shakspeare) the exact features of the darling actress of his

*Juliet.* In the back-ground of which design might be lightly sketched the monastery of friar *Lawrence*—the dagger which ended *Juliet's* woes (and with which Mrs. Cibber gave herself a stab which shuddered the whole audience)—and the sombre and picturesque scenery of the moonlight and tomb—and round this might be twined those bridal flowers, which served for her bury'd corse—interspersed with funeral torches, and with the usual decorative ornaments of *masques*. Or there might be introduced more than one genii—and somewhat similar to that small groupe in the theatre of Bath, where they are supporting with the most fond care the portrait of Shakespeare. Might not the mournful cupid be introduced in this Vignette, which we see in Cypriani's print of the *Nymph of Immortality*? And the happily conceived figure of *Memory* in the Historical Rhapsody on Pope by Mr. Tyers, might suggest some similar idea.

2. Or, in lieu of the above, might be designed *Trophies of Love*—and for which, see that richly engraved one, at p. 10. of *Idylles de Saint-Cyr, ou l'hommage du cœur*; which are poems attributed to Mons. Dorat—they were printed at Amsterdam and Paris, in 1771. The genius of Peters, might now supply the lost pencil of Cypriani.

3. Some of the following lines would furnish a Vignette:

FANCY! warm enthusiastic maid,  
O hear our prayer, O hither come  
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,  
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,  
Musing o'er thy darling's grave.

JOS. WARTON.

Here FANCY sat, (her dewy fingers cold,  
Decking with flow'rets fresh the unsullied sod,)  
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mould,  
Her fav'rite's offspring's long and last abode.

COOPER'S POEM OF THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE.

4. Or

4. Or an artist might strike out some idea from the following invocation to the genius of Shakespeare. It might be a female figure of celestial appearance pointing to his tomb : as if repeating the words of, *there sleeps the Bard!*—Indeed these lines (to the last degree affecting) would give rise to various graceful ideas or creations of the fancy—and may no artist disgrace such lines by cold conception ; or attempt to design from them, if his breast has not been often warmed with *the holy flame* of Painting :—

*But ah ! on Sorrow's cypress bough,  
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom ?  
On Death's cold cheek will Passion glow ?  
Or Music warble from the tomb ?  
There sleeps the Bard, whose tuneful tongue  
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song.  
Young Spring with lip of ruby, here  
Showers from her lap the blushing year ;  
While along the turf reclin'd,  
The loose wing swimming on the wind,  
The Loves with forward gesture bold,  
Sprinkle the sod with spangling gold ;  
And oft the blue-ey'd Graces trim  
Dance lightly round on downy limb ;  
Oft too, when Eve' demure and still  
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,  
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain ;  
Or wrapt in soothing dream,  
By Avon's ruffled stream,  
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along the plain.\**

OGILVIE.

M

How

\* Shakespeare's spirit would have breathed the same humble wish as is expressed in the *Minstrel of Beattie* :

*Let vanity adorn the marble tomb  
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,  
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,  
Where night and desolation ever frown.*

2

Mine



How calculated is some of the above imagery, to entrance the minds of Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Mr. Gainborough !

*Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrown,  
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.  
And thither let the willage swain repair ;  
And, light of heart, the willage maiden gay,  
To deck with flowers her half-dishweld hair,  
And celebrate the merry morn of May.  
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day  
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe ;  
And when mild evening comes with mantle grey,  
Let not the blooming band make haste to go ;  
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.*

Head.

## Head-Piece.

Many have told *Juliet's* tale: but none have told it like Shakespear.† Crowded theatres sit enraptured at the tendernefs of that Poet, who (as was faid of Beaumont)

———— made the theatre fo sovereign  
With his rare scenes—

and they give unbounded applaufe at the wildnefs of his more terrifying conceptions. We may learn (fays Mr. Warton) from the fatires of Marfton, how popular a tale *Juliet's* was in thofe days—he is fpeaking to a wit of the town:

*Lufcus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know  
I fet thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow  
Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo.*

There are fcenes of terror and diftrefs in this play, which certainly require the exertions of a fuperior pencil—and an artift would have to record the merit of tragedians, whofe mafterly difplay of the pas-

† Monf. Mercier, a very few years ago, fabricated a tragedy upon this ftory. He tranflated many paffages from our Englifh poet; and has introduced many hiftorical facts: It is now frequently performed at Paris, with great fuccefs, under the title of, “ The Fall of Verona, or Romeo and Juliet.”

fions, may not have been yet quite effaced from recollection : but may even now *glimmer through the memory* of surviving friends.—He would have to paint the matchless spirit of Mr. Garrick, the graceful softness of Barry, and the tenderness of the first of plaintive actresses, Mrs. Cibber.

For this department of the Head-piece, might be drawn the very characters of *Nurse* and *Peter* (favourite personages with Shakespeare) and the pencils of Bunbury, Zoffanii, Louthembourg and Rowlandson, seem so perfectly capable of delineating their very characters, that one could wish to see the Head-piece taken from their ideas of them; for they would then be exhibited with the true colouring of comic nature.

They might be sketched from one of the following passages.—

Page 74. Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.

If they should be drawn from this passage, *Mercutio* must be introduced. And if they should be drawn from the next page (page 75), it will be necessary to introduce *Romeo*—unless indeed they should be taken from these lines :

————— *And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.*

And the answer which *Peter* makes to this last passage, will also furnish a good situation to draw from.

There are likewise other good points—such as

Page 79. Nurse. ————— *Peter !*

Pet. *Anon ?*

Nurse



Nurse. *Peter, take my fan, and go before.*

Page 141. Pet. *Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?*

Muf. *'Faith, I know not what to say.*

Page 142. Muf. *What a pestilent knave is this same?*

Or, *Gregory and Sampson*, might be sketched from

Page 9. Samp. *Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.*

How cold appear these passages, when quoted in this separated manner.\*

\* No one perhaps will ever represent the prattling gossipries of the *Nurse*, so well as Mrs. Pitt,—and Peter's pleasant archness receives every justice from Stevens. Indeed to paint these scenes with the comic spirit they require, we should see them performed by those comedians. In Griffith's collection of prologues, is a print of Weston in *Scrub*; and this figure will give one some small idea of *Peter*. I know no good figure of the *Nurse* in any print. The dress in which Mrs. Pitt appears, is as characteristically proper, as her whole performance. She exhibits therefore a perfect picture of what the *Nurse* should be. In characters of this kind, Mrs. Pitt has not her equal on any stage.

We learn from the quarto editions of some of our author's plays (says Mr. Malone, vol. i. page 52.) that the celebrated actor, *Will. Kempe*, was the original performer of *Peter*.

## Scene Prints.

Of the character of *Mercutio*, Mr. Upton thus speaks:—" One would think it impossible that Falstaff should talk otherwise, than Shakespeare has made him talk: and what not a little shews the genius of our poet, he has kept up the spirit of his humour through three plays, one of which he wrote at the request of Queen Elizabeth. For which reason, if 'tis true what Dryden tells us, speaking of *Mercutio's* character in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakespeare said himself, *he was forced to kill him in the third act, to prevent being killed by him*: it must be his diffidence, and modesty that made him say this; for it never could be through barrenness of invention, that *Mercutio's* sprightly wit was ended in the third act; but because there was no need of him, or his wit any longer."

And Dr. Johnson, speaking of the above traditionary words of Dryden, (after saying that "this is one of the few attempts of Shakespeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance") observes:

"*Mercutio's* wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated: he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakespeare to have continued his existence, though some of his fallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime."

Of all the comedians who have entertained us with *Mercutio*, none perhaps have equalled the late lively and graceful Harry Woodward.\* And I fear there will now be no obtaining a resemblance of the peculiar expression which he gave to his recital of the feats of *Mab*—nor of the charm which he threw over that scene, when the gallant spirit of *Mercutio* is about to *aspire the clouds*.†

Living comedians have exhibited much merit in this part, and particularly Mr. Lewis, whose performance is always impatiently waited for—

\* We should indeed except Mr. Garrick, who, I find, has once or twice performed this character; as well as that of the county *Paris* in this play. The elegant lines addressed to Mr. Garrick *On the report of his leaving the stage*, glance at his having performed *Mercutio*:

One meaning glance of eyes, like thine, can shew,  
What lab'ring critics boast in vain to know.—  
Once more let *Cawdor* grasp his midnight steel,  
And *John* his wish, half utter, half conceal;  
*In death's sad hour bid gay Mercutio smile.*—

† There is a large print of Woodward speaking the lines on *Mab*, published in 1753, but it does not merit any notice. It exhibits none of the liveliness of this bold and generous character. And little can be said in favour of the print in Bell's first edition of this play.

On Woodward's death the following lines were written:

Virtue and Mirth on earth can never fix—  
There goes the boat!—with Woodward crosses the Styx.  
If he's as great a *Marplot* now he's dead,  
He'll puzzle each Infernal Judge's head:  
And should his *Bobadil* succeed again,  
He'll chace the Shades around th' Elyfian plain:  
Against death's poison'd dart there's nought secure,  
Tho' not *Well* deep—nor *wide as a Church-door*,  
*Mercutio's* hit—and spread upon the floor.  
Take a fresh handkerchief—*Thalia* cry!  
Thou'lt lost—the merriest fellow that could die.



for—his speaking the lines on *Queen Mab*, and his spirit throughout every scene is very interesting—every one seems sorry that his wound (*though not so deep*), should so soon deprive us of his sprightly pleasantry.

Perhaps the character of *Mercutio*, might be drawn to most advantage, either as giving his whimsical, yet masterly, description of the queen of dreams (and where his figure would require to be most lively, spirited, and graceful)—or, from one of the underwritten passages in *Italics* :

*Rom.* Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door ; *but 'tis enough*, 'twill serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a *grave* man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world ;—A plague o' both your houses !—What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick !—Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* *I thought all for the best.*

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !  
They have made worm's meat of me :  
I have it, and soundly too :—

If he were drawn from the words of : *but 'tis enough*—he might cast a tender look at *Romeo* : and yet accompanied with somewhat of his usual sprightly merriment. The attitude of *Benvolio*, might be drawn very interesting—but to the figure of *Mercutio*, should be given the genteel grace, and the marks of a former *airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance*.

Somewhat

Somewhat of the same very interesting attitudes will be required, if they should be drawn from *Romeo's* affectionately saying :

*I thought all for the best.\**

## Page 48.

Rom. *If I prophane with my unworthy hand  
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—  
Thy lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a gentle kiss.*

Jul. *Good pilgrim you do wrong your hand too much,  
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;  
For saints have hands that pilgrim's hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.—*

I have selected the above lines for the purpose of exhibiting that splendid scenery, and pomp of revelry which should accompany *the old accustomed feast of Capulet*, where are assembled all the youth of quality, and all the admired beauties of *fair Verona*. And as *Juliet* will be more distinctly drawn from the above selected lines, I have preferred them to the following one in italics, (in this same scene), which would otherwise have given an opportunity for the attitude of the young and handsome *Romeo* to have been finely drawn :

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand †  
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not fir.

\* *Mercutio* might be well drawn from p. 74, if we chose to introduce the other characters; viz. *Romeo*, *Benvolio*, the Nurse, and *Peter*.

† *Doth enrich the hand* (says the Dramatic Censor,) is a beautiful idea, and a most delicate compliment to *Juliet's* beauty.

Rom. *O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!*  
 Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

If *Romeo* and *Juliet* should be drawn from the above first selected lines, his address will be accompanied with all the tenderness and delicacy of love; and for the look which *Juliet* gives him when he begins to address to her these lines, by all means see an engraving by Benedictus Farjat, in 1683, from after Lud Geminiani, with these words at the bottom, *Celeberrimam Divi Petri Cœlestini Papæ V. &c.* If an artist will inspect this same scene drawn by Anthony Walker, in the set of prints he published from this play, he will think some parts of the dress or *masking weeds* of *Romeo*, worth attending to—and though the pilgrim's staff might admit of improvement (it not being near so light and picturesque as that which Holman carries when performing this character) as well as the countenances of *Romeo* and *Juliet* (which are most vilely drawn)—yet there are some few things in this print of Walker's, which will in some degree assist an artist in picturing the revels of this scene: particularly the torches—the trumpet—the antique chair (though *Juliet* I think should not be seated)—and some of the maskers. Much fancy will be required in designing the masked dancers; for in Italy, these entertainments were magnificent and sumptuous, and were accompanied by their own voluptuous and tender music. Equal fancy will be required in the embellishment of *Capulet's* hall—for which purpose, see “An exact draught of the famous Silver Cistern now in the possession of the Empress of Russia, &c.” Henricus Jernegan invenit, Gravelot delineavit, G. Scotin sculpsit, and published in 1735. Were this truly fine vase reduced in size, and placed on a stand or table, it would much add to the scenery of the hall; for it is designed with all the richness of a bacchanalian fancy. To the youthful figure of *Romeo*, should be given a person as handsome as his attitude ought to be graceful, and to these should be added a rich and picturesque dress.



## Page 54.

*Capulet's* garden (where is held the first courtship of the lovers) will admit of much rural embellishment, and will be aided by a moonlight scenery.\* In the print taken from this page in Walker's set, is an urn, worth looking at—and the dress of *Romeo* may be looked at—the balcony too, in this same print might be improved—and the statue which is seen through the trees, will give one an idea of introducing other ornaments of that kind. For which purpose, one or two might be selected, from plates 27, 36, 37, 38, 60, 75, 76, 80, 113, 116, 123, or 125, of Rossi's *Raccolta di statue antiche e moderne*. There is a very neat set of engravings by Falda, and Felice, called *Il Giardini di Roma*—and it may not be useless to refer to them. By all means see, the rural scenery, and the well conceived statue, in a fine French print, a copy of which may be seen in the Westminster Magazine for October, 1778. It must be observed, however, that these statues will at best be dimly seen, and that through the pale glimmering of the moon. See also the picturesque scenery in Pine's print of *Miranda*, engraved by Caroline Watson.

In this very celebrated scene, where the courtship of the lovers is so highly and naturally painted, and which exhibits so fine a picture of

\* At the late representation of this tragedy at Covent Garden, "the principal characters were new dressed in the habits of the times, and the decorations were splendid, and strictly according to the costume. The reflection of the moon upon the water in the garden scene, was a most beautiful representation of nature."

I know of no print taken from this play, that exhibits an unexceptionable dress for *Romeo*; but one might partly be selected from M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell, and from the second plate in Walker's set.

tender and mutual affection, there are very many situations where they might be drawn to great advantage—indeed the delicate fancy of Shakespeare has introduced so many of these situations, that it is almost absurd to select any—and yet perhaps, the following passages which I have marked with italics, may not be deemed the most improper points to paint from :

Rom. *See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!*  
*O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*  
*That I might touch that cheek!*

Jul. *Ayme!\**

Rom. She speaks :—  
*O, speak again, bright angel!* for thou art  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Upon the white upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

---

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

\* For this part, where *Juliet* is about to apostrophize the name of *Romeo*, by all means see the attitude of the head, and the countenance of *ARRIA*, in a metzotinto of *Pætus and Arria*, engraved by Dunkarton, from after Mr. West. See also some traits in the print of *Faith*, engraved by Walker, from after Gardner. And the figure of Ferdinand in Pine's print of *Miranda*, may be looked at, particularly the right hand, and the white feather. Barry spoke the three foregoing lines, as indeed did Mr. Garrick, with an inconceivable sweet voice and address—and they spoke the line of *O, speak again, bright angel!*—with extacy.

Rom.

*Rom.* By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;  
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.  
*I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far*  
*As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,*  
*I would adventure for such merchandize.*

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;  
*Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,*  
*For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.*  
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
 What I have spoke. —————

————— O, gentle Romeo,  
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
 I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
 So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.  
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
 And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:  
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,  
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.  
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
 But that thou over-heardst, ere I was aware,  
 My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;  
 And not impute this yielding to light love,  
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,  
 That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon  
 That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;  
 Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
 Which is the god of my idolatry,  
 And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.*



*Jul.* Well, do not swear; although I joy in thee,  
 I have no joy of this contract to night :  
 It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden :  
*Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,*  
*Ere one can say—It lightens.* Sweet, good night !  
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
 Good night, good night ! *as sweet repose and rest*  
*Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.*

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

*Jul.* What satisfaction can'st thou have to night ?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didst request it ;  
 And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what purpose, love ?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.  
 And yet I wish but for the thing I have :  
 My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
 My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,  
 The more I have, for both are infinite.  
 I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !

*[Nurse calls within.]*

Anon, good nurse !—*Sweet Montague be true.*  
 Stay but a little, I will come again.

*[Exit.]*

*Rom.* O blessed night ! I am afeard,  
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

*Re-enter JULIET above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.  
 If that thy bent of love be honourable,  
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
 By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where,

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
*And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,*  
*And follow thee my lord throughout the world.*

[*Within*: Madam.

I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,  
 I do beseech thee,—[*Within*: Madam.] By and by, I come:—  
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
 To-morrow will I send.

*Rom.* So thrive my soul,—

*Jul.* *A thousand times good night!*

[*Exit*.

*Rom.* A thousand times the worse, to want thy light —  
 Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;  
 But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

*Re-enter JULIET again, above.*

*Jul.* Hift! Romeo, hift!—*O, for a faulconer's voice,*  
*To lure this tassel gentle back again!*  
*Bondage is boarse, and may not speak aloud;*  
*Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,*  
*And make her airy tongue more boarse than mine:*  
*With repetition of my Romeo's name.\**

*Rom.* It is my soul, that calls upon my name:  
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
 Like softest music to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My sweet?

\* The attitude of *Juliet*, when speaking these lines, should somewhat resemble that of the principal figure on the left hand, of Corregio's first study in the collection of drawings by Rogers.

The writer, is in possession of a drawing by Carlo Maratti, which gives one a perfect idea of the attitude, and of the grace and sweetness which should accompany *Juliet*, when speaking from the balcony, this firm, yet mild invocation.

*Jul-*

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

*Rom.* By the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.  
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,  
Remem'bring how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

*Jul.* 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would, I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, so would I ;  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.  
*Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow.*

[Exit

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast :—  
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;  
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[Exit.

The whole of the above scene is so finely delineated by this supreme master of the tender passions, that it is with great reluctance I mark any of the foregoing passages with italics, for those artists are best calculated to judge from whence they might best paint the simplicity and love of *Juliet*, and the graceful warmth of *Romeo*, who have beheld and recollect the contention



contention of Garrick and Bellamy at Drury-Lane, with Barry and Cibber at Covent-Garden—or who have more lately beheld the respectable performance of Holman and Miss Brunton. One of the nicest discriminations of theatrical merit was given by a *Lady*, in describing the different styles of playing, exhibited by Garrick and Barry, in the character of *Romeo*.—"In the garden or balcony scene, where *Romeo* exclaims, *But soft, what light through yonder window breaks*, she thought Garrick delivered the sentiments in tones so animated; and with such impassioned feeling, that were she really *Juliet*, she would have expected, from the ardor of her lover, that he would have leapt into the window to her. But when Barry played it, his intonation was so sweet, his feelings appeared so tender, and his manner was so soft, that in the same situation as *Juliet*, she would have leapt from the window to him."†

O

Page

† Of this contention for superiority, (for no character on the stage was ever more warmly contested) the most judicious account I have seen, is the following;—

"A character upon the stage was never supported with more luxuriant merit, than this by Messrs. Garrick and Barry, or Barry and Garrick: for when those inimitable performers contested it sixteen or seventeen years since, it was extremely difficult to say who should stand first; we shall offer a comparison upon strict impartiality, and leave decision to the unprejudiced reader.

"As to figure, though there is no necessity for a lover being tall, yet we apprehend Mr. Barry had a peculiar advantage in this point; his amorous harmony of features, melting eyes, and unequalled plaintiveness of voice, seemed to promise every thing we could wish; and yet the superior grace of Mr. Garrick's attitudes, the vivacity of his countenance, and the fire of his expression, shewed there were many essential beauties in which his great competitor might be excelled: those scenes, in which they most evidently rose above each other, are as follow:—Mr. Barry the garden scene of the second act—Mr. Garrick the friar scene in the third—Mr. Barry the garden scene in the fourth—Mr. Garrick in the first scene, description of the apothecary, &c. fifth act—Mr. Barry first part of the tomb scene, and Mr. Garrick from whence the poison operates, to the end. Having seen this play three times at each house, during the contention, and having held the critical scale in as just an equilibrium as possible, by not only my own feelings, but those of the audience in general, I perceived that Mr. Garrick commanded most applause—Mr. Barry most tears. Desirous of tracing this difference to its source, I found

## Page 65.

Many situations offer for drawing to advantage the good old *Friar*. He first appears in page 63, before the gate of his monastery ; where he interests us, in his moral reflections, on the contrast quality of herbs ; comparing them (in a philosophical soliloquy) to the virtue and vice of human breasts :—but I cannot refrain from wishing that his benign portrait may be taken from another part of this scene, where, with paternal tendernefs, yet with animated warmth, he thus addresses *Romeo* :

*Holy saint Francis ! what a change is here !  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear  
So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline !*

If

found that as dry sorrow drinks our blood, so astonishment checks our tears ; that by a kind of electrical merit Mr. Garrick struck all hearts with a degree of inexpressible feeling, and bore conception so far beyond her usual sphere, that softer sensations lay hid in wonder."

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Another critic, gives this short decision :

" At Covent Garden I saw *Juliet and Romeo* ; and at Drury Lane, *Romeo and Juliet*."

The late Dr. Dod, has given us the following note on this garden scene.—

" The elegance and natural simplicity of this scene is enough to recommend it, and must render it agreeable to every reader who hath any taste for tendernefs, delicacy, and sincere affection : but when

we

If the portrait of the *Friar* (for there is no absolute need to introduce *Romeo*) were engraved in rich metzotinto, from the ideas of the President of the Academy, how nobly would it ornament the poet's scene!—for it would then possess *the natural and unaffected air of the portraits of Titian, where dignity seeming to be natural and inherent, draws spontaneous reverence.\** Sterne's Lorenzo gives one the idea of Shakespeare's Father Lawrence—*one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating.*—To this Monk should be given an eye, *looking forward into futurity.* §

O 2

The

we have seen it so justly performed, and so beautifully graced by some of the best and most judicious actors that ever appeared on any stage, we shall want no comment to enter into its particular excellencies, no chart to guide us to those beauties, which all must have sensibly felt, on hearing them so feelingly and pathetically express, in their own bosoms."

The following anonymous criticism, is by no means an injudicious one—for the author of it, after mentioning with some degree of indignant disgust, the frequent attempts to perform the parts of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, thus observes:

"Those who remember Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber in those parts, and who could perceive and feel their distinguished excellencies, will not wonder that such persons as are now admitted to attempt them, do not succeed.—Every coxcomb who thinks he has talents to please the ladies, and every maiden who is sickening with languishing desire, imagine themselves qualified for the parts of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. They are drawn by Shakespeare's warmest and most delicate pencil; and the tender, generous enthusiasm which actuates them, is extremely different from the sentimental affectations of the present times."

\* See a Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, in 1778.

This metzotinto should be engraved by Jones, who engraved *Muscipula*.

§ "At Aush, among other portraits in the library, is a fine head of the Cardinal de Polignac. There is infinite genius marked in the countenance. A pale face; the contour, oval; an aquiline nose, and an eye looking forward into futurity. Over his scarlet robe hangs the cross of the Holy Ghost, on his breast. He was one of the many sublime spirits who will for ever immortalize the age of Louis the fourteenth."—Wrexall's Tour through France.

What is spoken by a Monk, in the *Travels of Reason in Europe*, will not be inapplicable to the, guiltless mind of *Father Lawrence*:—

" If



The other scene where an artist might perhaps again chuse to introduce the *Friar*, will be at page 123. For though he might well appear in page 82, when uttering his address to heaven, as well as when he sees *Juliet* advancing to his cell, in page 83; and might be well drawn too, from that scene where the banishment of *Romeo* is discussed (particularly when he takes his farewell of him)—yet I reserve him for that superior and capital scene at page 123, where he offers the desperate remedy to *Juliet*.

### Page 90.

When news is brought to *Romeo* of *Mercutio's* death, and of his gallant spirit having aspired the clouds: the dear memory of his friend rouses his courage and resentment; and on his viewing the furious *Tybalt*, he thus spiritedly denounces vengeance on him, for having slain *Mercutio*:

*Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!*  
*Away to heaven, respective lenity,*

*And*

"If perchance, the thought of living at a distance from any town frightened me, I recollected that I had a body to pay all, in case I should be murdered; but that no one could lay hold of my soul; and that gave me spirits. Sickness never durst attack me, for I was ever laborious and frugal. I do not think that the pleasures of kings, who are said to be the greatest and happiest of men, are so pure as mine. Mine I have gathered in my own soul: that is the field where I have sown all my satisfactions. Every other joy is a borrowed pleasure; my happiness is my own property."

Walker, in two of his prints from this play, has miserably failed in his conception of the *Friar*—whose figure in Theobald, does not displease, after viewing the very vile ones of Walker. No tragedian will ever render the part of the *Friar* more respectable than does that worthy character Mr. Hull.

*And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—  
 Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again  
 That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 Staying for thine to keep him company;  
 Or thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.*

The attitudes of both *Romeo* and *Tybalt* (as well as that of the generous and friendly *Benvolio*) will be highly picturesque; and will each of them demand elegant and graceful figures, animated with the most bold and spirited expression. Garrick's fire shone conspicuous in this scene—and the audience saw with transport the effeminate and drooping spirit of *Romeo*, now blazing into life, to avenge the death of (what they all regretted) the brave and sprightly *Mercutio*—Their soldier-like and graceful figures will indeed form a most spirited groupe; and the scene may exhibit Italian architecture.

### Page 100.

We are unwillingly obliged to omit many situations, where *Juliet* might have been finely painted—Such as at her joyful transport at the end of act 2, scene 5.

*Hie to high fortune !—bonest nurse, farewell—*

and in this present animated and affecting scene, which leads the mind willingly captive, and where the blunderings of the old *Nurse*, are designed by the poet, to agitate the tender and alarmed mind of *Juliet*, with conflicting passions, there are many passages which would demand her being drawn with every grace of expressive passion—particularly at  
 that

affecting line, where she believes her lover dead, and in the afflicted agony of her woe-beaten heart, thus cries out :

*O break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at once !*

yet, we are forced to relinquish these fine lines : in order to hasten to that passage with which she closes the scene, and which so very tenderly paints her affection :

*O find him ! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.*

Her pale cheek of sorrow will yet be accompanied, with that extreme beauty, which *Romeo* so well describes, when he first beheld her at the masque at *Capulet's*.

### Page 112.\*

*Juliet's chamber, looking to the garden. A ladder of ropes set.*

This scene is a continuation of that exchange of mutual endearment, which was so finely pictured in page 54; but this present short scene is rendered

\* The scene almost immediately preceeding this page, is that where the *Friar* announces to *Romeo* his doom of banishment. It is a scene which certainly offers many situations to paint from—and particularly these following.—

Page 101. *Rom.* ————— Do not say—banishment.

Page 101. *Rom.* Thou can'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.



rendered somewhat more interesting from the reflection of that separation which must soon ensue. I will extract some few lines from this scene, for the purpose of ornamenting it with some design—yet the tender and persuasive eloquence of *Juliet* would doubtless furnish more than one design—and the preference might perhaps be given to this following line in italics:—

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*]

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!  
I must hear from thee every day i'the hour,

For

Page 102. *Fri.* And turn'd that black word death, to banishment.—

Page 102. *Rom.* —————they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessings from her lips.—

Page 103. *Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Page 100. *Rom.* Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost not feel:  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me, banished!—

Page 107. *Fri.* Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:  
Farewell.

And yet, notwithstanding the merit of these passages (passages where Garrick's native fire glowed through every line) they should give way to those other scenes which interest the passions perhaps more than this present one. Much may be said, no doubt, in favour of the above passages; but the characters of this play, cannot be drawn for every scene, and the present scene must therefore reluctantly give place to others. Mr. Holman has ever received much applause, for preserving (what is not often seen on the stage) "*a temperance*," in this scene with the *Friar*.

For in a minute there are many days:  
O! by this count I shall be much in years,  
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?†

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;  
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,  
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb!—

Had Shakespeare seen his *Juliet*, as personated by Mrs. Cibber, and heard her speak the above line in italics: he would then have viewed (as it were) his own genius animating two beings at the same instant of time—for the affection, the fear, and the tender reluctance at parting, expressed in Cibber's look, and the plaintive voice with which she addressed the above line to her lover, can no more be conceived by those who heard her not, than described. If a picture should be taken from this line, the innocent aspect and beauty of *Juliet* will suffer no diminution, from the tears which that moving thought, that trembling apprehension, draws from her eyes. Her figure should concenter, all that can be expressed of female sorrow, and of female grace.

And yet, if the above selected line should be chosen: one knows not how to reject her artless attempt to detain *Romeo*:

Jul. *Wilt thou be gone?* it is not yet near day:  
It was the nightingale, and not the lark  
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly

† How natural was this thought, when her husband was going to banishment.

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :  
Believe me, love, it *was* the nightingale.

The ladder of ropes will be seen affixed to the window; which, as *Romeo* in a former scene, joyfully says :

— to the high top-gallant of my joy  
Must be my convoy, in the secret night. \*

Page 120

*Juliet* has now taken a mournful leave of her beloved *Romeo*, (and indeed the last scene proved to be their last interview) and the alarms of her mind become so interesting as the plot thickens, that one is loath to refuse the tribute of an engraving to any of those pages, which so masterly describe the passions of her *tempest-tossed body*. This wish, however, cannot be executed, from the extreme and almost unlimited number of engravings which it would occasion. We must therefore in present, or in future projected editions, lament, that the applause due to various scenes of this our *rare tragedian*, will remain unassisted by the grateful praise of painting—for his having suffered no emotion of the soul to escape him, would render this plan too extended to be accomplished.

How finely might *Juliet* be painted in the present scene, at the moment of the tyrannous *Capulet's* departure, when (with a countenance

\* Those who are inclined to think that some of *Juliet's* flights in the beginning of scene 2d. are too extravagant, would do well to peruse the 5th letter in vol. 2d. of *Letters on several Subjects*, by the Rev. M. Sherlock—they will there find, *how faithful to Nature and to Truth*, is the painter who has given us her portrait. The reader will be much pleased likewise, by perusing the 4th letter in this same volume



full of affliction, but full of sweetness) she thus movingly appeals to heaven :

*Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?*

And when she immediately after, intercedes with lady *Capulet*, as her last refuge :

*O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.*

Or, when she soon after confirms us; in the love she bears her husband :

*Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?  
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven!*

And again :

*Jul. What say'st thou! hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.—*

Yet, we must suffer the above passages to pass unnoticed, in order to paint her from the conclusion of this scene, where, after her sufferings have been insulted, she is deserted not only by *Capulet* and his lady, but even fails in her last attempt to gain some poor comfort from the *Nurse*—on whose exit (being left alone,) she thus divulges the resolution of a determined soul :—

*Jul. ————— Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—*

*I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;*

*If all else fail, MYSELF HAVE POWER TO DIE.\**

Those cannot paint *Juliet* from these lines, who do not contemplate the whole of her character and situation.—And those must not attempt to paint her, who cannot stamp her features with strong expression of character, and with the passions correspondent to the tumult of her soul.—for to *Juliet* should now be given, as much meekness, yet as much affliction, and determined resolution, as the utmost power of the art can convey. But how faint appears the language and the passions of Shakespeare's scenes, when mutilated in the manner I am obliged to give them.

\* It was perhaps in one of these scenes, that Mrs. Yates first beheld Cibber. The following account of this theatrical event, is taken from some pleasing Memoirs of Mrs. Yates, in the British Magazine for April, 1783:—

“As her father was a man of plain and primitive manners, our celebrated actress had never seen a play, till, at the age of sixteen, a lady took her to *Romeo and Juliet*; when the impassioned performance of Mrs. Cibber opened a new day on her delighted imagination. Fired by that enthusiastic impulse which so often decides the fate of genius, absorbed in admiration of those astonishing powers of which report had given her only a faint idea, she instantly recognized something congenial in her own mind: the spark mounted into a blaze; she melted into tears, not only of sympathy, but of emulation; and just to herself, as well as to the consummate pattern of excellence before her, she felt, amidst the confusion of ideas in which she was enveloped, the celebrated sentiment of Carregio, on first seeing the works of Raphael—

*Ed io son anche pittore!*

From that moment, her passion for the theatre became unconquerable; and a friend, who had interest, having recommended her to Mr. Garrick, she came out the following Lent in the character of Marcia, in Mr. Crisp's tragedy of Virginia, being introduced by a prologue, written and spoken by Mr. Garrick for that purpose; when her youth, her uncommon beauty, and those rays of genius which broke through her untutored inexperience, like the streams of light which precede the day, secured her the favour of the public.”

## Page 123.

We are now coming to those busy scenes, which are equal to any praise, and where the poetry of Shakespeare is inspiration indeed.\*— And we find *Juliet* in the present scene arrived at the cell of her ghostly confessor, to seek from him (as from her only and last resource) some remedy—and to disclose to him the resolution of a determined spirit. She meets, on her coming to the cell, with *Paris*; and after some short, unwish'd for discourse with him, the scene proceeds :

Jul. *Are you at leisure, holy father now;  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?*

Friar. *My leisure serves me, penfive daughter now;—†  
My lord, we must intreat the time alone.*

Par. *God shield, I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you.  
'Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss.—*

[Exit PARIS.]

Jul.

\* “ The poetry of Shakespeare (says Pope) was inspiration indeed : he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument of nature ; and 'tis not so just to say, that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.”—On this phrase, Martin Sherlock, gives this comment : “ Pope (says he) was the clearest writer in England, and these words are scarce intelligible. The reason is plain ; he spoke of what he felt, and he felt more than language could express.” The late Daniel Webb, observes, that “ Shakespeare was only a temporary instrument, to convey the dictates of a superior agent.”

† This mild answer of the *Friar*, to the no less meek and gentle request of *Juliet*, offers a situation to paint them from (with the calm and religious scenery of the monastic cell) which one would not wil-



Jul. *O shut the door ! and when thou hast done so,  
Come, weep with me ; Past hope, past cure, past help !*

Friar. *Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief ;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits :  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this county.*

Jul. *Tell me not friar that thou hear'st of this, †  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it :  
If, in thy wisdom, thou can'st give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands ;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both ;  
Therefore, out of thy long experienced time,*

willingly resign, were it not to make place for embellishments, which will require a more powerful and perhaps more interesting expression. If an artist should have it in contemplation to paint from this passage, he would do well to attain a sight of the print by Lud. Geminiani, referred to for page 48, in this *prospectus* ; and it may be of singular service to him, to view the rare perfection in expressive mildness, which the painter has there exhibited—for, (as the Discourse delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy, in 1784, informs them)—*the habit of contemplating and brooding over the ideas of great geniuses, till you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the true method of forming an artist's—like mind ; it is impossible, in the presence of those great men, to think, or invent in a mean manner ; a state of mind is acquired that is disposed to receive those ideas only which relish of grandeur and simplicity.* To paint the beauty and the grace of Juliet's figure, and to express the sorrows of her bosom, will require a pencil as much inspired by the graces and taste of Grecian artists, and as capable of pronouncing the *passions*, as is the pencil of Lady Diana Beauclerc.

† See the marks of a determined firmness (not ill expressed) in the print of *Zara* by Roberts, in Bell's edition of that play.

Give me some present counsel; or, behold, §  
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
 Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
 Which the commission of thy years and art  
 Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
 Be not so long to speak; I long to die,  
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Friar. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,  
 Which craves as desperate an execution  
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If,

§ See the uplifting of the dagger—the fine attitude—and the soul speaking countenance, of the female figure by Gravelot, engraved by Heath, from Act 3, Sc. 4, of *Merope*—and which will be easily found in one, if not in more, of the editions of Voltaire's works. The reader will easily discover the edition—and he will be recompensed with the sight of a design of much merit. In this print he will see a figure, which will partly give an idea of an *attitude* for the *Friar*. There is somewhat pleasing in the architecture of this print; and the two statues (as tragic decorations) are well imagined.

If *Juliet* should be drawn, when threatening to end her distresses with the bloody knife—then see the animated look which Carlo Maratti has given to St. Francis, in the first volume of the Collection of Drawings by Rogers. A faultless figure of the *Friar*, might no doubt be selected from the works of those great masters who have excelled in their figures of Monks, and in their conceptions of meek devotion, or penitential sorrow—some of the old masters have given to their Monks or Saints, a fervour, which must have been drawn from almost celestial ideas. In order to have shewn our respect to the memory of the Noblest Tragedian, one could have wished it had been possible, that the splendid edition of Mr. Boydell could have conveyed to posterity, the figure of Shakespeare's Monk drawn by the pencil of that painter, who, (from what Mr. Cumberland says of him) seems so well calculated to have drawn the meek and fervent spirit of *Father Lawrence*:—"Juan B. Juanes, a native of Valencia; a man, whose celebrity would rank with that of the first artists of the age of Leo. X. if his works laid in the track of travellers, or by happy emancipation could be set at liberty, and made to circulate through the cabinets of Europe. Juanes, (like *Morales*) selected his subjects, without an instance to the contrary, from the most sacred passages of revelation; but his life, (unlike that of *Morales*) was in unison with the purity and austerity of his taste; prepared by confession and fasting, he first approached the altar before he visited the easel; painting with him was an act of piety and devotion. The characters, which filled his canvases, were of the holiest sort, and, as he gave them life, he gave them adoration: as the exercise of his art was in him an office of devotion, so his moderation kept him from

"engaging

*If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;  
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.*

Jul. *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chaplains' skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,  
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.*

Friar

"engaging in any private commissions with a view to gain; and I am inclined to doubt if any picture of  
" *Juanes* is at this hour in lay possession.———Certain it is, the pictures of *Juanes* are finished with  
"astonishing truth, colouring, and beauty; though they are laboured to a minuteness, that lets not even  
"a hair escape: still their force is unimpaired, and the sublimity of design suffers no prejudice by the  
"delicacy of its execution; as every work is the work of the heart, nothing is neglected or left; every  
"figure is laboured into life, and the labour is the labour of love, not the task of the hireling. It is  
"greatly to be lamented, that these precious remains are shut in the convents of Valencia without any  
"hope of delivery and that free display, of which the mortmain of superstition seems for ever to deprive  
"them.———By his piety, he merited a place in the calendar of Saints,—by his genius,  
"a name amongst the first class of his art."

ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS IN SPAIN, VOL. I.

*Carlo Maratti* too, who, through the course of his long life, continually gave the world some of the finest pictures of devotion, *passed the last years of his life in prayer*.—His early predilection for painting Saints, may be seen in his most pleasing life, extracted and translated from Bellori, by Rogers.

Giovanni Angelico, the subjects of whose pieces are always divine, could not refrain weeping whenever he painted a Crucifix.



Friar. *Hold then ; go home, be merry, give consent  
 To marry Paris : Wednesday is to-morrow ;  
 To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
 Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber :  
 Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off : \*  
 When, presently, thro' all thy veins shall run  
 A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize  
 Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep  
 His natural progress, but surcease to beat :  
 No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st ;  
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To pale ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;  
 Each part, deprived of supple government,  
 Shall stiff and stark, and cold appear like death :  
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
 Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,  
 And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
 Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :  
 Then (as the manner of our country is)  
 In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulet's lie.  
 In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
 Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;  
 And hither shall he come ; and he and I  
 Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua,  
 And this shall free thee from this present shame ;  
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,  
 Abate thy valour in the acting it.*

Jul.

\* From these two lines, will be a picture painted by Northcote, for the edition of Mr. Boydell.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Friar. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.  
Farewell, dear father!

In scenes like the above, there can be no marking in italics, in order to distinguish the best points to draw from. It would be too impertinent and officious to dictate to an artist, which passage of the foregoing scene would furnish the most expressive picture—for, to use Mr. Pope's words, (on another occasion)—

*He best can paint them, who can feel them most.*

Some painters would prefer the cool and undaunted spirit, with which she wishes the *Friar* to call her resolution wise—the lovely ardour with which she assures him, her true heart shall ne'er be tainted with revolt—the enthusiasm with which she brandishes the bloody knife—the kind and spirited interposition of the *Friar*, when *Juliet* tells him, that she longs to die, if what he speaks, *Speak not of remedy*: with a voice dropping from the accents of despair, to a more soft and mournful cadence, and a suitable expression of countenance.—While other painters might find their minds led them, more congenially to express the wild transport (softened yet with every glow of sentiment) with which she exclaims:

*O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower!*

Q

or,

or, the tender expressing of her love, in the last line of this same passage—the delivering the phial to her—her fixed, attentive, firm and steady look, when she is told

*No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes.—*

her eager clasping of the phial when she tells him not to speak of fear—  
or, from her taking her last farewell of the kind and holy *Friar*.

In order that we may be more interested in the misfortunes of *Juliet*, we should contemplate the whole of her character by perusing some of the preceding scenes : where we shall find that the brutal insults of *Capulet* and his lady (with her unconquerable attachment to her husband) have driven her to espouse, without shrinking, the dangerous and romantick device of the *Friar*. And, as her spirit has been painfully grieved, we shall find the soft tenderness which accompanied her in the former scenes of this play, will now (at times) give way to the more turbulent alarms of grief, and of despair—and she will in some of the future scenes, be more the *Queen of Terrors*, than the *Queen of Tears*.\*

\* The scene at page 137, where *Juliet* is supposed to be dead, would have furnished a very fine picture of the *Friar*, when consoling her parents with arguments which are as irresistible, as they are sublimely beautiful :

*And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself!—*

were it not for the unavoidable introduction of *Capulet* and his wife, who must have appeared in such picture.—And as their conduct in Act. 3, Sc. 5—in page 114, 116, 117, and 118, (as well as lady *Capulet*'s unfeeling sentiment in page 113) cannot render them either respectable or interesting, where they do appear—this opportunity of so well portraying the *Friar* is purposely omitted. And yet one knows not how to relinquish painting the figure of the cold *Juliet*, when

*Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.*



## Page 128.

The present scene is that of *Juliet's chamber*. And after she has dismissed the *Nurse*, and bid *good night* to lady *Capulet*, (who had sorted out those ornaments best suited to the morrow's nuptials) she thus anticipates the horrors of the tomb :

*Jul.* Farewell ! — God knows, when we shall meet again.

*I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,*

*That almost freezes up the heat of life :*

*I'll call them back again to comfort me ; —*

*Nurse ! — What should she do here ?*

*My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —*

*Come, phial. —*

*What if this mixture do not work at all ?*

*Shall I of force be married to the count ? —*

*No, no ; this shall forbid it : — lie thou there. —*

[Laying down a dagger.

*What if it be a poison, which the friar*

*Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead ;*

*Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,*

*Because he married me before to Romeo ?*

*I fear, it is : and yet, methinks, it should not,*

*For he hath still been tried a holy man :*

*I will not entertain so bad a thought. —*

*How if, when I am laid into the tomb,*

*I wake before the time that Romeo*

*Comes to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !*

*Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,*

*To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,*

*And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes !*

*Or, if I live, is it not very like,*

*The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
 As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,  
 At some hours in the night spirits resort;—\**  
*Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;  
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—  
 O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears?  
 And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
 And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?  
 And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?  
 O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost  
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body  
 Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—  
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*

[She throws herself on the bed.]

The images which are here presented, and which imprint such terror on the imagination of *Juliet*, are painted with a frightful and tragic pencil. This scene is perfectly suited to the wildness of Shakespeare's ge-

\* Euripedes, to inspire his mind with solemn and terrible ideas, used to compose his pieces, in a gloomy and dismal cave, in the island of Salamis. And an ingenious gentleman conjectures that this idea of the vault, was probably suggested by the poet's native place—"The charnel at Stratford upon Avon, (says Mr. Murphy) is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repository of the same kind in England."

nus,

nus, and he cannot treat on those subjects without luxuriance. The terrifick Muse selected him her chosen painter,\*—and scenes possessing the established merit of the present one, make one indeed feel the force of this conjecture of an elegant writer:—"The times in which Milton lived, though

\* Many writers have testified their admiration of the power which our great poet discovered, in painting *Fear*. Mr. Gray, in his Ode on the progress of Poetry, thus makes *Nature* address Shakespeare :

*This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear,  
Richly paint the vernal year :  
Tbine too these golden keys, immortal boy !  
This can unlock the gates of joy ;  
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.*

Dennis, in his letters, pays him this compliment :

*He had so fine a talent for touching the passions, and they are so lively in him, and so truly in nature, that they often touch us more without their due preparations, than those of other tragick poets, who have all the beauty of design, and all the advantage of incidents. His master passion was Terror, which he has often moved so powerfully and so wonderfully, that we may justly conclude, that if he had had the advantage of art and learning, he would have surpassed the very best and strongest of the ancients. His paintings are often so beautiful and so lively, so graceful and so powerful, especially where he uses them in order to move terror ; that there is nothing perhaps more accomplished in our English poetry.*

Collins, thus concludes his truly fine Ode to Fear :

*O thou, whose spirit most possess,  
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast !  
By all that from thy prophet broke,  
In thy divine emotion spoke !  
Hither again thy fury deal,  
Teach me but once like him to feel :  
His cypress wreath my meed decree,  
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee !*



“ though in themselves of an unseemly aspect, were favourable to his genius ;—the retirement of his life was the source of his immortality.—  
 “ *Shakespeare might have lived in an age when his celestial spirit would have*  
 “ *slumbered, or wherein his name might have been forbidden to pass on to the end*  
 “ *of time.*”\*

The natural terror which Cibber gave to this scene (which she performed with all the enthusiasm of her soul)—her start, and wild distracted aspect at exclaiming :

*O, look ! methinks I see my cousin's ghost—*

accompanied with a shriek, that really chill'd the blood, and made the audience fancy *the bloody Tybalt* and the *spirits of the night* were fleeting

The Honourable Andrew Erskine, in an Ode to Fear, after pointing out instances where Shakespeare has excelled in describing this passion, thus proceeds :

*Shakespeare alone thy ghastly charms enjoy'd,  
 Thy savage haunts he travers'd undismay'd,  
 In hearing thy awak'ning tales employ'd,  
 Where the wood darkens to a deeper shade ;  
 And, if I read the magic page aright,  
 Loud thunders roll'd around th' enchanted spot,  
 While fire-ey'd demons growl'd the long lone night,  
 And every tree with flashing flame was smote ; |  
 And cries uncouth, and sounds of woe were heard,  
 And tall gigantic shapes their horrid forms uprear'd.*

And Mr. Warton, in his beautiful Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon, thus concludes the list of ideal shapes, that peopled the meads of Stratford :

*Pale Terror leads the visionary band,  
 And sternly shakes his scepter, dropping blood.*

\* Royal Register, vol. 7. page 111.

before her—her sudden transition from perturbed horror, to the mournful and entreating tenderness with which she cried

—— *Stay, Tybalt, stay!*

her momentary pause of recollection, which recalled her scattered senses, and fixed her thoughts on him, for whose sake she cheerfully swallowed the potion, and the affectionately mournful voice with which she pronounced this last line :

*Romeo I come ! THIS DO I DRINK TO THEE.*

this succession of tragick images was displayed by Cibber, with a spirit that fell little short of inspiration—and the picture of frenzy which *she* exhibited (wrought up to a pitch scarce conceivable) established her in the hearts of the public as the darling and supreme actress of the Tragic Muse. Her fine conceptions of the Poet, and her display of unattainable excellence in *Juliet*, still lives in the memory of her fear-struck but delighted auditors—many of whom, when indulging a recollection of the well remembered Cibber, willingly pay their tributary respect to her, who was really Shakespeare's own *Juliet* :

*O gentle Cibber ! long thy loss they'll mourn ;  
And many a time, by strong affection led,  
To thy sad tomb at silent night return,  
And o'er thy dust, ambrosial odours shed ! †*

† Mr. Garrick, in his prologue to the *Clandestine Marriage*, which was spoken soon after the death of Quin and Cibber, does not forget his old associates :

Oh, let me drop one tributary tear,  
On poor *Jack Falstaff's* grave, and *Juliet's* bier ;  
You, to their worth, must testimony give ;  
'Tis in your breasts alone, their fame can live.—

If *Juliet* should be drawn, when entreating the ghost of *Tybalt* to stay: would there be any impropriety in introducing the imaginary fleeting shade itself?—This would admit of the introduction of scenery, that would startle and terrify the senses. The reader will be recompensed for his trouble, if he will inspect M. de Louthembourg's vignette to Bell's last edition of *Hamlet*.

Should she be drawn from the last line in her soliloquy, it will require an artist capable of very graceful, and of the most sublime expression, to strike out an attitude, and character, worthy of the idea of Shakespeare. If I recommend the print of the *Death of Portia*, (with the name of Scalcken engraved under) to be looked at: it is not because the attitude, the figure, or even the countenance, will shew what *Juliet* should be—yet still, it will not be amiss to view so very interesting a figure as is this of *Portia's*. It is engraved in metzotinto by James Walker. § The Painter (*Domenichino*) who so tenderly conceived *Sophonisba dying with grief*, in the collection at Christ Church, Oxford, would have wonderfully drawn from this last line of *Juliet's* soliloquy.\*

Page

§ ———how faint by precept is express  
The living image in the *writer's* breast.

POPE.

\* I have not met with any other accounts of *Cibber's* performing *Juliet*, than the following ones.—

“ Since those great ornaments of the stage, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Oldfield, were no more, the lovers of the drama were apprehensive, that they should never see their equals in tender or majestic distress again; but since Mrs. Cibber's appearance, those fears are removed, and all the excellencies of each are revived in her. The great sensibility she has derived from nature, her exquisite art and judgment,



## Page 143.

*Balthazar* has a strong claim against being omitted—and the present page will admit of his faithful attachment to his master, being almost as well drawn, as from those lines where he takes his last leave of him in the tomb-scene. His honest and animated fidelity (rendered more interesting by the sorrow with which his message is related)—with the pas-

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sions

judgment, directs her to give to every passion its full colouring and expressiveness, even beyond our idea. Would she charm us into the most affecting distress, with the woes of a *Juliet*, or *Belvidera*, then

————— *her looks*  
*Draw audience and attention still as night,*  
*Or summer's noon-tide air—*

MILTON.

'till our hearts have caught the pleasing infection, and our eyes confess it in tears.

Were she to confine herself barely to such tender scenes as these, we could not even then sufficiently admire her; but how are we surprised at the wild exertion of her powers in the sudden transitions she makes from love and grief to the extremities of rage and despair! and how different is her *Juliet* from her *Alicia*! and yet how justly does she feel in both, without exceeding the bounds of nature, or infringing upon female delicacy in either?

The musically plaintive tone of her voice gives a surprizing softness to her love characters; and her great skill in the passions never fails to direct her in the application of that, and her commanding features to be every way expressive of the poet's idea.

A short sketch of a few of her characters, may give us some faint idea of her excellence.

In her *Juliet*, we are charmed with all the innocence of youth and beauty, influenced by love. How simple, yet how tender and natural, is her conversation with *Romeo* in the garden scene!

*Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, &c.*

How

sions that at this moment distress and alarm the mind of his master, might be well sketched from some of these lines :

Balth. - - - - -  
*Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,  
 And her immortal part with angels lives ;*

*I saw*

How different is this fond, this joyous scene, from that wherein she hesitates to take the poison, anticipating in imagination the terrors of the charnel-house, which yet her love overcomes—

*Romeo, I come—This do I drink to thee.*

The agonies of grief and despair, mingled with love, which she shews in the last act, rise beyond description ; and she only is Shakespeare's *Juliet*."

WILKES' VIEW OF THE STAGE, page 278.

" The competition between Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Bellamy, who had both great merit in this character ; seemed nearly to admit the same state of comparison as we have adopted for the contending heroes ; one excelled in amorous rapture, the other called every power of distress and despair to her aid ; Mrs. Bellamy was an object of love, Mrs. Cibber of admiration ; Mrs. Bellamy's execution was more natural, Mrs. Cibber's more forcible."

DRAM. CENSOR, vol. 1.

" When *Juliet* retires to her chamber with the sleeping potion, it is natural that she should rise, by degrees, to a full sense of the possible horror of the undertaking : the author intended this gradual and glorious rise of the passions, to the very height of temporary distraction : he who has seen Mrs. Cibber, from the first suspicion of the draught not working as intended, rise to the terror of her waking before the time, finding her encompassed

*With reeking banks, and yellow chapless skulls,*  
 becoming distracted with the horror of the place,

*Plucking the mangled Tybalt from his shroud,*  
 'till at length she shall, madly playing with her forefather's joints,

*With some great kinsman's bone,  
 As with a club, dash out her desperate brains,*

has

*I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you :  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.*

Rom. *Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars ! —\**  
*Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,  
And hire post-horses ; I will hence to-night.*

Balth. *Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus :  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.*

Rom. *Tush, thou art deceiv'd. —*

R 2

Or

has seen all that is possible to be conveyed this way, of terror ; and has had an example of that gradation by which fire and spirit may be raised, according to the circumstances, from the most slight step to the most exalted height. All this is excellent, because it is proper. The spirit of this scene is connected with the sensibility, and rises with it. There is not perhaps any thing on the British stage, superior to the excellence Mrs. Cibber displays in this passage."

THE ACTOR, page 123.

Davies in his *Life of Garrick*, vol. 1. page 125, gives a very short account of *Cibber* (as well as of Bellamy) in the competition of the two houses in 1749.—little more than saying, that "*Romeo and Juliet* had raised their reputation (that of Barry and Mrs. Cibber) for scenes of tender love and pathetic distress, to a very high degree."

In a note to King John, in a former page of this present work, will be found some testimonies to the general performance of Cibber.

\* Hill, in his *Actor*, (page 87) thus pleasingly speaks of our poet :

" There is not a single incident in tragedy, where an actor is supposed to feel more than *Romeo* on the news of *Juliet's* death. Shakespeare, who well knew all that is here written ; for it is but transcribed upon the paper from the heart, has put but few words into his mouth on this occasion. It would have been a fine subject for an exclamation to an Otway ; or Rowe would have made it introduce some nightingale simile ; but this genius knew better what the heart would, and what it ought to feel.



Or the emotions of *Romeo's* breast (on finding his mistress inclosed in the cold tomb) might be finely painted from this following line :

*Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.—*

There are few lines, that would more challenge the utmost effort of a painter, or an actor, than this last line. But the pale wildness of *Romeo's* look, softened with a grief equal to that which he feels, will stand a chance of being much disgraced, if attempted by many artists that could be named. It will require a fine pencil to render that justice to the above line which it requires.

feel. He has put into his mouth only five words ; and when we hear Barry pronounce on this occasion :

————— *then I defy you, stars !—*

we are satisfied more would have been impertinent, and below the consummate degree of such a sorrow.

The same prudent reserve that the poet has used with respect to the words, the player observes in the delivery. This was too great a grief for noisy exclamation : we read in his gesture, eyes, countenance, and tone of voice, the most perfect despair, and see him even braving heaven in the defiance ; yet it is not bellowed out like the curse of a Sempronius, but strength is given by the very refusing loudness. Nor is this all ; his manner, as he gives utterance to it, is resolute, but not insolent in the defiance, or broken by the sorrow ; his soul was too great for such weakness ; for either of these were weakness—Struck to death, he is above raving about it ; and he conveys all that terror to the audience which he seems to refuse himself."

## Page 145.

Shakespeare has made all his readers, friends to the poor forlorn *Apothecary*, on whom the world had little smiled—for need and oppression were his chief companions, and sharp misery had worn him to the bone. Shakespeare's picturesque description is chiefly from his own luxuriant fancy; for he is a little indebted to *Painter's translation*; to *Bandello*; or to the *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*—their descriptions being very brief, except indeed the last—and that is by no means so highly coloured as in Shakespeare. The extreme poverty of the poor man, more than his will, urged him to bring forth the mortal poison :

*Rom.* Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Apoth.* *My poverty but not my will consents.*

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

*Apoth.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell.

*I sell*

*I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come cordial; and not poison; go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.*

The second line in italics, will admit of the *Apothecary's* look and general appearance being as characteristically and as fully drawn, as from any of the foregoing lines—But I should myself chuse to select the last lines—for they will not only give an equal good opportunity for picturing the appearance of the *Apothecary*—but they will allow fine scope to an artist, for representing the youthful and graceful figure of *Romeo*, whose uplifted eyes, bespeak the conflicting passions that now distress and agonize his mind when embracing the cordial, and hastening to *Juliet's* grave. That interesting look of *dejected* poverty which should be given to the *Apothecary*, will be now heightened by the commiseration which he feels at beholding his benefactor grieved: and he will (on *Romeo's* going off the scene) turn his grateful eyes towards him, *and to the last, bend their light on him.*

On account of its being holy-day, the shop is shut—yet through the opened door, may be seen part of this *thinly scattered shew.*

If the reader will turn to page 83, of the first part of this present work, he will find a small mention made of this *Apothecary*. †

† There are only two prints of the *Apothecary*, yet published—one by Walker, in his set from this play—and the other is in Bell's first edition. Nothing can be said in favour of either. The procession of the host in Walker's print (it being holy-day) is well adapted, and well drawn—but how could Walker so metamorphose the countenance of *Romeo*?—He has made him appear placid, pleased, and cheerful: instead of his looks importing some misadventure, and being, as the faithful *Balthazar* describes them, *pale and wild.*

If the reader will inspect No. 82 of the *Guardian*, he will find some mention made of an actor, who much distinguished himself in the part of the *Apothecary*.



Page 152.

*Scene, a Church-yard; in it, a noble Monument belonging to the Capulets.*

After *Paris* has received the flowers from his *Page*, and dismissed him, the scene proceeds :

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed :

*[Strewing flowers.]*

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain  
The perfect model of eternity ;  
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,  
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;  
That living honour'd thee, and being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !\*

*[The boy whistles.]*

The

\* The folio edition has these lines :

*Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew :  
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,  
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by moones ;  
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,  
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weepe.*

Akenfide, in his Pleasures of Imagination, finely describes the endearment which Nature sometimes annexes to scenes of sorrow :

————— *Ask the faithful youth,  
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd !*

The boy gives warning ; something doth approach.  
 What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
 To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?  
 What, with a torch ! muffle me, night, awhile.

*Enter ROMEO, and BALTHASAR with a Torch, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.  
 Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning  
 See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
 Give me the light : upon thy life I charge thee,  
 Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
 And do not interrupt me in my course.  
 Why I descend into this bed of death  
 Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :  
 But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger  
 A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use  
 In dear employment : therefore hence, begone :—  
 But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
 On what I further shall intend to do,  
 By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :  
 The time and my intents are savage-wild ;  
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
 Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

*Balth.*

*So often fills his arms ; so often draws  
 His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,  
 To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?  
 O ! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds  
 Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
 That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise  
 Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes  
 With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,  
 And turns his tears to rapture.—*

*Balth.* I will begone, fir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take thou that :  
Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

*Balth.* For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  
[*Breaking up the Monument.*  
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—  
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;  
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :  
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hither.—  
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,  
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;  
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Pull not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury :—O, begone !  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself :  
For I come hither arm'd against myself :  
Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjuration,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee boy.

[*They fight, PARIS falls.*



*Page.* O lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

*Par.* O, I am slain !—If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

*Rom.* In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this face ;—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris !—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,  
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :  
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so ?—*O, give me thy hand,*  
*One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !*  
*I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—*  
A grave ? O, no ; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

*[Laying PARIS in the Monument.]*

How oft when men are at the point of death  
Have they been merry ? which their keepers call  
A light'ning before death : O, how may I  
Call this a light'ning ? O, my love ! my wife !  
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :  
Thou art not conquered ; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet ?  
O, what more favour can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?  
Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe—  
I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)  
That unsubstantial death is amorous ;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.  
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;

And never from this palace of dim night  
 Depart again : here, here will I remain  
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids ; O, here  
 Will I set up my everlasting rest ;  
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last !  
 Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you,  
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—  
 Come, bitter conduct come, unfavoury guide !  
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !  
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in :  
 Here's to my love !—[*Drinks*] O, true apothecary,  
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]

These are paintings of the passions, which not many writers were acquainted with ;—and as the above lines furnish infinitely more subjects for engravings, than can possibly be admitted into an edition ; it will be no easy matter for an artist when perusing the above scene, to select or to fix on one particular subject to accompany this scene—for if he wishes to guard against the too much crowding of an edition, and should therefore on that account, find himself obliged (unwillingly) to pass over those tender lines which *Paris* offers at the shrine of *Juliet*—or to reject painting the generous and steady look which *Balthazar* gives his master, when the latter informs him why he descends into the vault—and should determinately prefer the inimitable lines of

————— O, give me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !  
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

yet each of the former passages that he thus rejects, will haunt his imagination : as possessing too much beauty to deserve rejection—they will remind him each succeeding day of the gem he has thrown aside---

and will come more preciously apparelled “ into the eye and prospect of his soul.” If the above lines in italics should be selected: he then leaves unpainted, the parting with *Balthazar* †—the fine striking attitude and expression of *Romeo*, when he views *Mercutio's kinsman*—his many tender invocations to the departed spirit of *Juliet*—his kindly affectionate remembrance of *Tybalt*—or his taking his last farewell of *Juliet*, and imprinting on her pale cheek his last kiss.

The above selected passage in italics, will furnish a very fine point to paint from: for it will admit of most of the objects in this scene being introduced—such as the sculptured vault of the *Capulets*—the costly tombs and funeral trophies of *buried ancestry*, and other sepulchral ornaments of *Juliet's* last abode\*—the moon, which will be distantly viewed §—the torch which *burneth in the Capulet's monument*, and which will

† I have never met with any other sketch or design of *Balthazar*, than the following, painted by Ralph, viz. *Romeo dismissing his servant Balthazar at Juliet's tomb*. It was exhibited at Somerset-house, in 1782. I have not seen it.

See the head entitled “ Manhood,” in the Artist's Repository and Drawing Magazine, printed for Williams, No. 43, Holborn.—The reader will there recognize features, which ought partly to accompany the figure of *Balthazar*.

\* The ornaments of churches in Italy, will furnish numberless examples and ideas of the most chaste and perfect sculpture. See the figures of the children, and the sculpture of *Juliet's* vault, (for I am unwilling to omit the least degree of merit) in the last print of Walker's set. See also the two figures on our poet's monument at Stratford, as they appear in Bell's last edition. And see some parts of the landscape (and the moon) in Wilson's print. This present scene in the play, is laid in a church-yard; but all the painters (except Wilson and the print in Hanmer) have laid their scene in a church. The latter place would allow greater scope for rich sculpture, unless it were attempted in a similar way (but more picturesque) to that in Wilson's print. How superior is the sculpture in M. de Loutherbourg's vignette to Bell's edition of this play, to what appears in the other print to this same edition—in this latter print, the tomb more resembles the mouth of an oven, than the costly sepulchre of the Capulets.

§ *So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.—*

TITUS ANDRON. Act 2, Sc. 4.



will add solemnity to the terror†—the flowers which *Paris* strewed—the tomb of *Juliet* opened, with her fair and beautiful body reclined, in rich array—(for

— as the manner of our country is,  
*In thy best robes uncovered on the bier,*  
 Thou shalt be borne to that same antient vault,  
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.)

with the ring on her finger, which *Romeo* mentions to *Balthazar*, and whose brilliancy (had the torch been wanting) would partly have illumined the dark vault\*—*Juliet's* beauty too, will not be rendered less engaging by the meekness of pale dejection, and the quietness attending her present repose, *for she is not dead but sleepeth*—this assemblage of objects,

† *Luigi da Porto's Tragicall Hyfory of Romeus and Juliet*, mentions *Romeus* charging his man without delay, to

Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,  
 And lights to shew him *Juliet*.

And the same Hyfory mentions a custom, that

— whosoever dyes,  
 Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,  
 In swouted weede attyrede, not wrapt in winding sheet.

\* *Upon his bloody finger he doth wear*  
*A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,*  
*Which, like a taper in some monument,*  
*Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,*  
*And shewes the ragged entrails of this pit.—*

TITUS ANDRON. Act 2. Sc. 4.

added

added to the affecting manner with which *Romeo* takes the dying *Paris* by the hand :

————— O give me thy hand,  
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book !  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—

will altogether exhibit a subject, suited only to the *exalted thought* of Sir Joshua Reynolds. §

Page

§ Thy hand enforces what thy precept taught,  
And gives new lessons of exalted thought ;  
Thy nervous pencil on the canvas throws  
The tragic story of sublimest woes.—

The above few lines, are a very small part of the elegant tribute which Mr. Hayley pays to the merit of this great Painter, in an Epistle to Mr. Romney.

The severe, but mirthful *relation to the Poet of Thebes*, (whose laughable fallies have diffused much good humour) has paid a generous compliment to Sir Joshua.—After mentioning the story of *Orpheus* being torn in pieces, and of his head falling down the stream to *Lesbos* :

Now I've been thinking, if our Reynold's head  
Should, on his palette, down the Thames drive soust,  
And, mindful of the walls he once array'd,  
Bring-to, a bit, at Somerset new House ;  
What scramblings there would be, what worlds of pains  
Among the artists to possess its brains.  
And like Neanthus, for great Orpheus' lyre  
Some for his palette would be raising frays,  
In hopes, no doubt, the WOOD would each inspire  
To paint like him for—fame in better days ;  
As if a soldier who'd no legs to use,  
Should fight for his dead comrade's boots and shoes.

Reynolds !

~ How delicately tender is this line !

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*Law.* Go with me to the vault.

*Balth.* I dare not, Sir :  
My master knows not, but I am gone hence ;  
And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Law.* Stay, then, I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me ;  
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Balth.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him.

*Law.* Romeo?

*Reynolds! when I reflect what sons of fame  
Have shar'd thy friendship, I with sighs regret  
That all have died a little in thy debt,  
And left a trump unknown to swell thy name ;*

*But, courage, friend ; when time's relentless tooth  
Hath nibbled mountains to the ground smack-smooth,  
And pick'd, as one would pick a savory bone,  
Each monument of iron, and brass, and stone ;  
When he, with ——— and Co. his guts hath scower'd,  
And ——— and ——— without end devour'd,  
Thy name shall live, and like heaven's sacred fire  
Succeeding Artists kindle, and inspire.—*

This Theban Poet might have added : that the bones of Orpheus (after this scrambling) were gathered by the Muses, and reposed in a sepulchre, not without tears ; and that his harp (for so the story goes) was made the constellation of Lyra.



*Law.* Romeo?

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains  
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—  
What mean these masterless and gory swords  
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?  
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?  
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour  
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!  
*The lady stirs.*

*Jul.* [waking.] *O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?*  
I do remember well where I should be,  
And where I am:—*Where is my Romeo?*

[*Noise within.*]

*Law.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest  
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;  
A greater Power than we can contradict  
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:  
*Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;*  
*And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee*  
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:  
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;  
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again*] I dare stay no longer.

[*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away:—  
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?  
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—  
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,  
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]  
Thy lips are warm!

*Watch.* [within] Lead, boy: which way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!  
[*Snatching ROMEO's Dagger.*]  
This is thy sheath; [stabs herself] there rust, and let me die.

What an attitude might be given to *Juliet* at the moment of her waking, (and before she sees the *Friar*) when her uplifted eye gradually surveys in awful astonishment the gloomy cavern!—but perhaps this scene of distress will be better drawn from some one of the lines in italics: each of which will most truly furnish the finest points to paint from—as will certainly more of the above passages than those pointed out in italics. I fear it is strangely presumptuous thus to dictate to an artist, what passages should alone receive his embellishment: and presuming confidence will ill become any one who ventures on the works of the unassuming Shakespeare—but as description and pointing out of this kind, is at the best tedious on the perusal—so it would be more tedious, were no lines thus recommended or marked out, as there would then be required a more diffuse survey of each scene.

The attitude, and expression of the *Friar*, would be very fine when he sees the lady waking—and the wildly pale, and earnest affection with which she cries out,

*O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?—\**  
*I do remember well where I should be,*  
*And where I am:—Where is my Romeo?*

this, aided by the terror of the place—the dark tomb lightened by the blaze of the torch, which will shew each feature of *Juliet's* face—her dishevelled hair—the breathless corpse of her husband, and the County *Paris* (who strewed his bridal bed with flowers)—these, will altogether form a scene capable of interesting the passions in a very high degree.

\* Our very ingenious artist, Mr. Wright, is to furnish a picture from this line, for the edition of Mr. Boydell; and considerable expectations are justly formed of it. The print in Theobald is likewise taken from this line; and though there is nothing in it worthy observation, yet the attitude of *Romeo* may be looked at, and so may the recumbent figure on the monument. His attitude might be somewhat similar to that which Monnet has given Pyramus, in the French quarto edition of Ovid.

*Juliet* has yet, however, not seen her dead *Romeo*—the subsequent passages therefore will each of them require her to be drawn with a greater wildness in her aspect, and with the most impassioned and expressive marks of grief.—Her start, when the *Friar* directs her eye to the breathless corpse:

*(Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;  
And Paris too)——*

will demand a look: concentrating every possible expression of grief, amazement, horror, and despair.

I was going to have pointed out in italics, other passages in *Juliet's* two last speeches—but these two speeches of her's (if we except the first line) do exhibit as many tender and moving points to paint from, as there are lines in these speeches†—and I suddenly check my presumption in having dared to reject and condemn even this first line of

*Go, get thee hence—for I will not away!——*

when it so strongly paints her firm attachment to her dear lord—an attachment, which not the gloomy terrors of the tomb can daunt: and which no allurement of life can draw from the wish of uniting with him in the shades of death.\* I could have willingly selected the lines of:

*O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop  
To help me after?——*

and

† In Dante (says Mr. Sherlock) we shall find in three pages, four beautiful lines; and in Shakespeare we shall find in four pages, six lines that are not beautiful.

\* The ashes of *Romeo*, receive the same regard which is expressed in these tender lines of Smoller:

*Wilt thou Monimia shed a pitying tear  
On that cold grave where all my sorrows rest?  
Wilt thou strew flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,  
And bid the turf lie light upon my breast?——*



and the fine point of: *O happy dagger!*—if each of the other lines did not give an equal scope to a painter's feeling.—Few hearts but what feel for *Juliet*; for in this scene, Shakespeare has unlock'd (with the golden key that nature gave him) the gates both of terror and of pity.†

An actress, at the close of this tragedy, should display one of the excellencies of Mrs. Siddons in *Jane Shore*—"for, (as an anonymous writer observes) in her scene with Gloucester, in the fourth act, there was a propriety in her dignity, her sensibility, and her every word and action, that at once charmed and astonished us. Even after death she preserved her excellence; exhibiting, by the gracefulness of the attitude in which she fell, the most beautiful and striking corpse that ever adorned a stage."\*

T 2

Tail-

† This happy conception is Mr. Gray's—and for which see a note in a former scene, where *Juliet* drinks the potion.

\* The only accounts I can find in any of the writers on the stage, of other actresses than Mrs. Cibber, who have personated *Juliet* (at least worth preserving), are the few following.—

"The tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* was performed at Covent Garden on the 10th instant; *Romeo* by Mr. Barry, and *Juliet* by Miss Rossiter, being her first appearance upon any stage. At her first entrance, the delicacy of her figure, and her graceful distress, obtained for her the warmest applause, and as she grew more animated in the progress, she frequently surprized the house with the most alarming attitudes. The faltering of her resolution when going to drink the composing draught, was finely marked; the fixtude of her eyes, and feebleness of her whole person, when coming forward from the tomb, and her manner of holding her lover's dead body, and looking at the *Friar*, when she cries out, 'you shall not tear him from me,' were all happily imagined, and to crown the whole, her action at stabbing herself, was a very fine and affecting circumstance."

GRAY'S INN. JOUR. vol ii. page 6.

"Miss *Pritchard* is rather low, but her figure is extremely elegant; there is great softness, good sense and understanding displayed in her *Juliet*; and I have seen her perform the dying scene as well as I ever desire to see it. If her mother is fine in *Lady Macbeth's* sleep, so is this young lady in the tomb-scene of *Romeo*."

WILKS'S VIEW OF THE STAGE, page 287.

"Mrs.

## Tail-Piece.

I could wish to propose for this department, a fac-simile to M. de Louthembourg's Vignette Scene Print to Bell's last edition of this play. It is taken from that scene, where *Juliet* (awakening from her trance) finds that *poison* hath been the timeless end of *Romeo*.

We

" Mrs. Pritchard's unblemished conduct in private life justly rendered her the great favourite of the people; few actresses were ever so sincerely beloved, and powerfully patronized as Mrs. Pritchard. A remarkable instance of publick regard was shewn to this comedian when she first brought her daughter on the stage. Mrs. Pritchard stooped to play Lady Capulet in *Romeo and Juliet*, in order to introduce Miss *Pritchard*, in her attempt to act *Juliet*; the daughter's timidity was contrasted by the mother's apprehensions, which were strongly painted in their looks, and these were incessantly interchanged by stolen glances at each other. This scene of mutual sensibility was so affecting, that many of the audience burst into involuntary tears."

LIFE OF GARRICK, vol. ii. page 181.

A grand-daughter of Colley Cibber, performed *Juliet* with much applause; and in the Gentleman's Magazine for October, 1744, are some verses addressed to her. *Juliet* has likewise interested many hearts from being personated by Mrs. *Waffington*, Mrs. *Bellamy*, Mrs. *Barry*, Miss *Yonge*, and (though last, yet not the least) from the artless simplicity and plaintive tenderness of Mrs. *Stephen Kemble*.

Within these few years, Mr. *Holman* and Miss *Brunton*, have revived the publick fondness for this tragedy; and their merit drew to Covent Garden (where the play has been got up with uncommon splendour) the most crowded houses. The papers, (*the brief chronicles of the times*) have been profuse in praises—and in general, with some degree of truth. *Holman* without doubt, has no rival in *Romeo*. It was the first character he performed; and the publick on the first night of his appearance, conceived the most lively hopes of his genius and feeling—and the characters he has since appeared in, have not inclined them to withdraw their approbation. It is somewhat singular, that Miss *Brunton*'s age, on the first night of her appearing in *Juliet*, was little more than the real age of Capulet's daughter—scarcely turned of sixteen. Her performance of the garden-scene, and of those other scenes which so

We are told at the conclusion of this play, of a resolution of the reconciled parents to eternize their names:

Cap. *O brother Montague, give me thy hand :  
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more  
Can I demand.*

Mon. *But I can give thee more :  
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;*

*That*

well paint affection and tender grief, was animated with the spirit of her poet's page ; but it is wonderful that she could so well express, at so early an age, the violent and powerful scenes of despair and frenzy.

The Morning Post for November 18, 1785, speaks thus of her :—

“ Her balcony-scene was a fine picture of sensibility and innocence ; it was painted with rapture, and in lively and lovely colours. The last act was a considerable amendment of her first performance ; her attention, anxiety, and tenderness to *Romeo* in his dying moments, were pathetic and interesting in an uncommon degree. Her succeeding frenzy was truly expressive of her affecting situation, and did not fail of bedewing the cheeks of her fair auditors with sympathetic tears.”

And the same paper for November 22, 1785, still confirms her merit in *Juliet*.—

“ The play of *Romeo and Juliet* seems to adorn the brow of Miss *Brunton* with fresh laurels every time she performs in the lovely character—she was not inferior last night to her former representations in any of the scenes, but superior in most.—The parting of the lovers, in the garden-scene of the fourth act was truly affectionate and pathetic ; and the climax in the chamber-scene was finely wrought up to a pitch of phrenzy and madness.

“ And in this rage with some great kinsman's bone,  
“ As with a club, dash out my desperate brains,”

“ spoke forcibly to the feelings of her audience, and plainly evinced the excellency of her powers. The whole scene after the death of *Romeo*, was managed with peculiar spirit and judgment, and proved what has been often asserted, that her merits cannot be ascertained by a single performance ; she varies her manner of performing particular passages according to the impulse of the moment ; for what appears tame and indifferent at one time, does frequently in her next performance kindle into warmth and excellence.

“ —————O thou cursed Friar ! patience !

“ Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me !”

“ was



*That, while Verona by that name is known,  
There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
As that of true and faithful Juliet.*

Cap. *As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!*

The novel of *Bandello* makes no mention of this designed statue or mausoleum; but the *Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, by Luigi da Porto, a gentlemen of Vicenza, first printed in 1535, (and which very rare

“ was heard, was felt, and the manner was extolled; particularly the last three words, equal to any  
“ sentence that ever was pronounced on the stage. Her dying-scene was exceedingly improved; her  
“ convulsed state, after taking off the poison, and the tenderness of her last moments, were truly distressing and compassionate, nor did they fail of meeting with the heartiest applause.”—

In the tribute due to living genius, let us not forget deceased favourites—

*But yesterday, the word of Caesar might  
Have stood against the world: now, none so poor,  
To do him reverence.—*

Those who have witnessed the excellencies of Garrick and Barry in this tragedy, will scarce believe it possible that another actor can ever arise, who will surpass them—and they will with difficulty believe, that another actor can arise, to equal them. The *Romeo* of *Powell* too, that feeling actor, glowed with all the fervour of Shakespeare's scenes.—On this tragedian's death, the following epitaph appeared in the publick papers, which is here given, from its not being so generally known, as are those lines with which Mr. Colman has grac'd the memory of his friend:—

*Who'er thou art that tread'st this awful dome,  
Ob, pass not heedless by this sacred tomb;  
Wit, art, and grace, the pleasure of the age,  
The pride and sorrow of the British stage,  
(Read this—and reading drop the tender tear)  
All lie interr'd with gentle Powell here.*

That classick and energetick pen which has twined round her Cooke's Morai, a never dying wreath, has been no less anxious to immortalize David Garrick—for she has preserved his memory in lines which breathe the true spirit of poetry.—This note will not seem long or tedious, when concluded with lines such as these:

PRIZE

rare piece Mr. Malone has presented to the publick in his Supplement) thus mentions it :

*And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove,  
The memory of so perfect sound and so approved love,  
The bodies dead, removed from vaults where they did dye,  
In stately tombe, on pillars great of marble, raise they hye.  
On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,  
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.  
And even to this day the tombe is to be seene;  
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,  
There is no monumente more worthy of the sight,  
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.*

If it were possible to obtain a drawing of this tomb, it might with great propriety accompany the page of our great Poet, who has so well recorded

# PRIZE MONODY ON THE DEATH OF MR. GARRICK.

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON, FEB. 11th, 1779.

BY MISS SEWARD.

*D I M sweeps the shower along the misty vale,  
And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.  
O'er the damp vase Horatio sighing leans,  
And gazes absent on the faded scenes;  
And Sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly grace,  
That us'd to revel in his Laura's face,  
When, with sweet smiles, her garlands gay she twin'd,  
And each light spray with roseat ribbons join'd.  
Dropt from her hand the scatter'd myrtles lie;  
And lo! dark cypress meets the mournful eye;  
For thee, oh Garrick! sighs from Genius breathe,  
For thee, sad Beauty weaves the funeral wreath.*

*Shakespeare's great spirit, in its cloudless blaze,  
Led him unequal'd thro' th' inventive maze;  
Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,  
Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams,  
He caught the genuine humour glowing there,  
With vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer;*

*The*

recorded this story of woe. The tomb was no doubt rich in decorative splendour, from the last promise of their parents. Some of the old, as well as the more modern accounts of Italy, may perhaps furnish some particulars on this head—and some of the accounts of Verona, may contain the *great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.* And yet

*The strange distress that fires the kindling brain  
Of feeble madness on the stormy plain ;  
Or when pale youth, in midnight shade,  
Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the glade ;  
Or, starting from the couch with dire affright,  
When the crown'd murderer glares upon the sight  
In all the horrors of the guilty soul,  
Dark as the night that wraps the frozen pole :  
—Our subject passions own'd the sway complete,  
And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakespeare great.*

*That voice, which pour'd its music on our ear,  
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,  
Those graceful gestures—and that eye of fire,  
With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,  
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple sleek,  
Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek—  
Where are they now?—Dark in the narrow cell  
Insensate,—shrunk,—and still,—and cold they dwell ;  
A silence solemn and eternal keep,  
Where neither Love shall smile—nor Anguish weep.*

*Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh,  
Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye !  
With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,  
While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine !  
Then give his merits to your loudest fame,  
And write in sun-bright lustre GARRICK's name !*

As I confine myself religiously to the Text of *Shakespeare* ; it will prevent me from recommending those truly fine points to draw from, which Mr. Garrick's judicious alteration of this last scene has offered : in making *Juliet* awake before *Romeo's* death—and this consideration will prevent me from offering any hints towards embellishing an edition with a view of the picturesque and mournful pageantry of *Juliet's* funeral : a pageant, which on the stage has chill'd many bosoms—and which is decked with



yet Lady Millar (who so lately visited Italy) in her account of Verona, makes no mention of their tomb: and I think she would not have overlooked it, had it been then in existence. Had their tomb or statue been raised in *pure gold*: we should not have wondered had it been no longer in existence. There is no mention made of it by Madame de Bocage, in her Letters on England, Holland, and Italy—nor by Miffon—Laffel—Cochin—Keyfler—Addifon—Wright—Smollet—Sharp—Brown, in his Travels through France and Italy—Drummond—Northall—Baretti—Moore—nor in the long but entertaining account of Verona, in the

U

Travels

all the pomp of Romish rites. The funeral obsequies of *Juliet*, should have the same effect on the mind, as those had which were paid to the lately deceased Sacchini—"I never in my life (says a gentleman in a letter from Paris) was affected in such a manner, as at the performance of a funeral service, or mass for the dead, at which I was lately present—It was the requiem of the celebrated Sacchini, performed in the Capuchin's church, rue St. Honoré. The opening of the ceremony was inconceivably awful!—The moment the priests presented themselves to the altar, muffled drums, kettle-drums, and other instruments, emitted tones that affected the heart with deep sorrow, intermingled with terror.———In this part, an Abbé of the cathedral was heard with peculiar delight, whose melodious tones recalled to the rapt soul, Sacchini's magic powers."—*Juliet's* procession (*in her best robes uncover'd on the bier*) should exhibit that painting, which the real interment of *Cibber* gave rise to, in the poem of Mr. Keate:

I turn, and while my eye the cloister roves,  
The flaring taper pour upon my sight;  
Solemn and slow the black procession moves,  
And darts a terror thro' the gloom of night.

Sorrowing, I see the holy rites begin;  
Resign'd, the sad sepulchral office hear:  
A thousand soft ideas stir within,  
And ask once more, the tributary tear.

From the last scene of this tragedy, as altered by Mr. Garrick, have been taken the three following prints.

1. The last print of Walker's set. I have before mentioned (in a note to the scenes recommended for page 152) all that can be worth looking at in this print, for our present purpose.

2. Mr.

Travels of Blainville.\* But I have lately met with the following traces of this tomb, in Captain Breval's *Remarks on several parts of Europe*, which work was first published in the year 1726: "As I was surveying (says Captain Breval) the churches and other religious places in Verona, my guide, (or as the Italians call him my Cicerone) made me take notice of an old building which had been formerly a nunnery, but was converted into an house for orphans, about an hundred years since. The substance of what I could gather from the long story he told me concerning it, was this, that at the time when that alteration was making, in the pulling down of a wall, the workmen happened to break down an old tomb, in which there were found two coffins, which by the inscription

2. Mr. Garrick and Miss Bellamy, in the characters of Romeo and Juliet: Engraved by Ravenet, from after B. Wilfon. The original was painted for Mr. Hoare. In the engraving of this print, the countenance of Juliet, is by no means what it should be—it more resembles Juliet's mother than herself. The countenance of Mr. Garrick is finely expressed, and his attitude is well drawn; and the light from the lamp, the landscape, and moon-light scenery, are worth referring to.

3. Mr. Holman and Miss Brunton, in the characters of Romeo and Juliet. Painted by Brown, and published in 1787. A large metzotinto. The figure and countenance of Holman, exhibit a fine and interesting idea of the youthful Romeo. His countenance is more characteristically expressed than is that of Juliet.

\* The following works are not unlikely to furnish some particulars.—Torelli Saraynac Veronenfis, de origine et amplitudine civitatis Veronæ.—*Veron.* 1540—Descrittione di tutta Italia di Leandro Alberti.—*Bolog.* 1550—Ristretto de la Antichita de Verona, con novi ogionti da M. Zuane, pitore Veronese.—*Veron.* 1560—Girdamo de la Corte's History of Verona—Compendio dell' Istoria di Verona—Antiquitates Veronenses di Orniprius Pamunies—La Nobilita di Verona di Gio. Francesco Tinto nella quale tutte le Attioni, & Qualita di quella Citta si descrivono, onde di tempo in tempo le e derivata chiarezza, con l'Historie annesse & dipendenti.—*Veron.* 1592.—Cluverii Italiz,—Siciliæ, &c. antiquae descriptio, 4 vol. cum fig. 1619—Dell' antica condizione di Verona, 1719—Verona Illustrata,—*Veron.* 1732.—Voyage d' Italie, Dalmatie, &c. par Spon. & Wheeler, 2 tom. avec fig. *Amst.* 1679.—Montfaucon's Travels through Italy, in the years 1698 and 1699, with cuts, 1725.—Condamine's Tour to Italy—Burnet's Travels through Italy, 1724.—Stevens's Travels through France, Italy, &c.—Ray's Travels through Germany, Italy, &c.—Thompson's Travels through France, Italy, &c.

scription yet legible upon the stone, appeared to contain the bodies of a young couple that had come by their death in a very tragical manner, about three centuries before; \* \* \* \* \* all the city flocked to see what was left of two such extraordinary persons: *since which time, what became either of the stone-chest, or the ashes that were in it, is what I never could learn.*"

A list of such *Paintings* as have been taken from this play; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. Romeo dismissing his servant Balthazar at Juliet's tomb. Painted by Ralph, No. 374 of the Exhibition at Somerset-House in 1782.

2. Romeo and Juliet. Act 5. Sc. 1. Painted by Ralph, No. 151 of the Exhibition at Somerset House, in 1787.—I have not seen either of these paintings.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hammer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.
6. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.—
7. In 1754, came out, "Five scenes in Romeo and Juliet, price three shillings." They are painted and engraved by Anthony Walker.
8. Romeo and Juliet. Engraved by Houston, from after Wilson.
9. Juliet. Designed by Harding.
10. Woodward in Mercutio. Published by W. Herbert at the Globe on London Bridge, 1753.
11. Romeo. Painted and engraved by P. Dawe.
12. Juliet. Painted and engraved by P. Dawe. There is some small merit in the *look* of Juliet.
13. Juliet. No painter or engraver mentioned, but said to be published by G. T. Stubbs, in 1786.
14. "Romeo I come, this do I drink to thee." Painted by Singleton.
15. Romeo and Juliet. W. Hamilton, pinxit. Bartolozzi, sculpsit.
16. General Magazine.
17. Pope.
18. Taylor.
19. Romeo and Juliet. Engraved by Sharp, from after B. West.
20. Romeo and Juliet. An oval, taken (*I believe*) from the last garden-scene, by B. West.





# C Y M B E L I N E.

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Every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the Tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

DR. JOHNSON.

There was a time when the art of Jonson was set above the divine inspiration of Shakspeare. The present age is well convinced of the mistake. And now the genius of Shakspeare is idolized in its turn. Happily for the public taste, it can scarcely be too much so.

BISHOP HURD.

*Nature*, her pencil to his hand commits,  
And then in all her forms to this great master fits.

ANON. ON SHAKESPEARE.

O, more than all in powerful genius blest,  
Come, take thine empire o'er my willing breast!

COLLINS, ON SHAKESPEARE.

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## Vignette.

Many fanciful designs for a Vignette, may be sketched from this play of Cymbeline: and they may partly have an allusion to the sequestered life of *Bellarinus* and of his princely forefathers. The usual scenery of a forest may therefore be introduced,

together with spears—horns—and a small dead fawn: and for which last idea, see the third plate in Taylor's prints from this play; as well as the plates of *Holkham in Norfolk*, *Melton Constable in Norfolk*, and of *Copped Hall in Essex*, in Watt's Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry. The flowers too may be interwoven in this Vignette (coloured from Nature) which the young princes strewed over the sleeping *Fidele*.

————— with fairest flowers,  
*Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,*  
*I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack*  
*The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor*  
*The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor*  
*The leaf of eglantine; whom not to slander,*  
*Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,*  
*With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming*  
*Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie*  
*Without a monument!) bring thee all this;*  
*Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,*  
*To winter-ground thy corse.*

What a chaste and characteristic design, might that gentleman sketch, who has lately surveyed the scenery of Wales, and who has more lately surveyed the picturesque beauties of the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. I must entreat the reader to inspect the plate which illustrates *that kind of scenery which is presented by Ulleswater*, and which faces page 55, of the second volume of Mr. Gilpin's work, and he will then join me in opinion.

This proposed sketch or drawing, may be engraved either similar to the above one in Mr. Gilpin's work—or it might be coloured similar to that pastoral portrait of *Celia*, which Kauffman's pencil has given us—It would then (from its contrast to the mode or style of the other engravings) richly embellish and set off an engraved title-page—and the various hues of the flowers would be distinctly viewed.

There might also be introduced in this Vignette, the letter which struck *Imogen* to the heart—the *bloody cloth*—and the standard of the Romans, with the eagle (*Jove's bird*) perched thereon.

Head.



## Head-Piece.

In the Head-Piece might be drawn small and very neat whole length portraits of *Posthumous* and *Imogen*, from one of these lines in page 179.

Post. *My queen ! my mistress !  
O lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tendernefs  
Than doth become a man ! I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth—  
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's.—*

Some may prefer that point of this same scene where she gives her diamond to *Posthumous*—Or the answer which he makes to her, when she has presented it to him. And perhaps there is one other passage in this scene, which will strike an artist as being well calculated for the printing these two graceful characters.

## Scene Prints.

An artist will find himself obliged (in order to guard against the too much crowding of an edition with engravings) to relinquish painting the looks and attitudes of *Pisanio* and *Imogen*, in page 186, where *Pisanio* repeats.

repeats to her the last words of her embarking husband—as well as that fine attitude and lovely expression with which *Imogen* repeats these words:

*And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing :*

with the softened look of earnest faithfulness which *Pisano* gives her—and he may likewise for the same reason relinquish (unwillingly) the figure and expressive attitude of *Jachimo*, when breaking out in page 202, with :

*Jach. All of her, that is out of door most rich !  
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I  
Have lost the wager—*

as well as that point of this same scene, where the yellow *Jachimo* attempts to ingratiate himself with *Imogen*, at this insinuating passage :

*Jach. Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty—*

in order to paint from that spirited passage, where she indignantly tells him :

*Imog. Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st—as base as strange !—  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike !—*

The

The virtuous indignation in her countenance, and the audacious villainy in that of the detected *Jachimo*, together with the rich ornaments of the apartment, will give full scope to an artist's fancy, and to his power of expressing the passions.

Page 217.

*Scene, a magnificent Bed Chamber, in one part of it a large Trunk.*

When *Imogen*, in this scene, has commended herself to the protection of celestial powers, beseeching them to guard her from fairies, and the tempters of the night, she then falls fast asleep—and from *Jachimo's* address to her when sleeping, when he rises from the trunk, many fine points might be selected for a beautiful painting—and perhaps the lines of:

*Jach.* ——— Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he awaken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—*Cytherea*,  
*How bravely thou becom'st thy bed!*—

Or the line of:

*Jach.* *O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!*

Or *Jachimo's* start when the clock strikes,

*One, two, three:—Time, time!*

are the points which best demand the artist's attention. The attitude of *Jachimo* in each of the above passages will be very graceful—and the  
X richly



richly ornamented chamber of *Imogen* (with her fair and chaste body reclined in sleep) will all tend to beautify and to enrich the scene. The ornaments and decorations of her chamber are best described in a future scene where *Jachimo* awakens the jealousy of *Posthumous*: for he there describes some of them to be,—*the story of proud Cleopatra*, worked in tapestry and silver, a piece of work *so bravely done, so rich, that it did strive in workmanship and value*—and a bas-relief of *Dian bathing*, than which were never figures *so likely to report themselves*. These ornaments will be distinctly viewed, by means of the taper which is left burning.\*

## Page 325.

In the scene at this page, the treacherous *Jachimo* (the counterpart of *Iago*) urges the proofs of his intimacy with *Imogen*, to the too credulous *Posthumous*, with such artful policy, and with such redoubled force, that *Posthumous* exhibits throughout this whole scene, an alarming picture of contending passions—and though he is still unwilling to believe the infidelity of *Imogen*—and wishes still to seize every circumstance

\* If an artist wishes to render his scene, in every point characteristic, he should then strew the floor with *rushes*—for it seems this custom was prevalent in Shakespeare's time, from the following note to this play :

“ It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. This practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemeris Britannica*.” JOHNSON.

“ So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587,—Sedge and *rushes*, with the which many in this country do use in summer time to strawe their parlours and churches, as well for cools as for pleasant smell.” STEEVENS.

stance that can lead him to believe her not unfaithful—yet when *Jachimo* startles him with the sight of the bracelet :

*Jach.* Then, if you can, *[pulling out the bracelet.]*  
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel : See !

And when he urges to him, a still stronger proof of his having corrupted her honour, from having viewed

————— *on her left breast*  
*A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops*  
*I'the bottom of a cowslip.—*

this accumulation of agonizing proofs overpower the confidence which he wished to retain of her, and his wildly alarmed looks betray the sufferings of his grieved spirit—Perhaps the best painting might be caught from this spirited passage :

*Post.* There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you !

## Page 253.

An interesting half length portrait might be taken of *Pisanio*, from page 242, where he meditates on the command of his master to murder *Imogen* ; and no line would stronger paint his good mind, than when he thus exclaims :

————— *O, my master !*

Or when he immediately after cries out, with honest indignation :

————— *O, damn'd paper !*  
*Black as the ink that's on thee !*

And this same scene might likewise lead an artist to paint the tender and loving *Imogen*, when with fond impatience, she cries out :

*O, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, Pisanio !*  
 He is at Milford-Haven.—

Yet, the preference may by some artists be given to that scene at page 253, which lies in a romantick wood near Milford-Haven, and which scene will furnish many fine situations for interesting paintings—for, independent of the rocky and woody scenery, which the pencils of Mr. Gainsborough or Mr. Farrington might to perfection give: the scene would be animated with most expressive character—and there are various passages in this scene at page 253, from which the remorse which *Pisanio* feels, at executing the command of *Posthumous*, and the tender and heart-struck *Imogen* may be spiritedly painted—Perhaps the finest point in the whole scene to paint from, would be from one of the following passages in italics, which *Imogen* addresses to *Pisanio*, after she has read her husband's letter, and fainted in *Pisanio's* arms :

*Pi.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
 Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;  
 Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
 Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye  
 All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,  
 Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave  
 This viperous slander enters.—*What cheer madam?*

*Imog.*



*Imog.* *False to his bed!* What is it, to be false?  
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
 To weep twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,  
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
 And cry myself awake? *that's false to his bed?*  
*Is it?*

*Pif.* *Alas, good lady!*

The extreme beauty of the above two situations, force one to pass over some other fine passages in this same scene.\*

## Page 268.

*Scene, a Forest and Cave—Imogen in Boy's Clothes.*

The scenes in this dramattick romance, begin now to be touched with the magic of Shakespeare's pen, and he has drawn the portrait of *Imogen* in very lovely colours.—Her beautiful and youthful figure (dressed like *that sweet rosy lad Fidele*) with the plaintive sweetness of her countenance, will claim a pencil of most tender expression were she to be painted when thus apostrophizing her absent and revolted lord:

My dear lord!  
 Thou art one o'the false ones: *Now I think on thee,*  
*My hunger's gone;* but even before, I was  
 At point to sink for food.—

\* The Scene Print in Bell's last edition of this play, is taken from this scene, and though the figures are pleasing, yet they by no means convey a perfect, or even characteristic idea of it.

After

After wandering in the pathless and romantick forest, *Imogen* fearfully enters the cave—and as the hunters are approaching the cave on their return from the chace, *Bellarius* views his unexpected visitor :

*Bell.* Stay ; come not in :— [ *Looking in the cave.*  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Guid.* What's the matter, fir ?

*Bell.* By Jupiter, an angel ! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon !—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy !

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imog.* Good masters, harm me not :  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : Good troth,  
I have stolen nought ; nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd o'the floor—Here's money for my meat :  
*I would have left it on the board, so soon*  
*As I had made my meal ; and parted*  
With prayers for the provider.

The remaining part of this scene is spent in the kind cheerings of old *Bellarius* to his woe-sick guest, and in protestations of endearment and affection, from the princely brothers—and as the night is now approaching, *Bellarius* invites her to the refreshments of his cave :

—— Fair youth, come in :  
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have suppd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
As far as thou wilt speak it.

It

It will be difficult for an artist to fix his choice, from which line to paint this pleasing scene.—But we must all unite in declaring how sweet a picture might be taken by some of our English painters, and particularly by Mr. Gainborough.\*

Page 286.

As *Bellarius*, and his two *princely boys* are advancing towards their rock, on their return from the chace: *Arviragus* hastens to the cave with strong affection, in order to visit *poor sick Fidele*.—During his being in the cave, and as *Bellarius* and *Guiderius* are moving towards it, their spirits are suddenly charmed by strains of *solemn musick* issuing from the cave:

Bel. *My ingenious instrument!*  
*Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion*  
*Hath Cadwall now to give it motion? Hark!*

Guid. *Is he at home?*

Bel. *He went hence even now.*

Guid.

\* From this beautiful scene, the following Prints have been taken; and I am sorry the following is all that can be said in favour of them:

1. Hayman's Print to Hanmer, where the only thing worth looking at, is the attitude of *Bellarius*, and little can be said even in favour of that.

2. The Print to Bell's inferior edition on common printing paper. Contemptibly uncharacteristick. It is strange the artist who drew this print should so often fail in his designs for this edition, when he has so well drawn the figure of Lady Macbeth.

3. A print



Guid. *What does he mean? since death of my dearest mother,  
It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents.*

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. *Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!*

Arv. *The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.*

Guid. *O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.*

Bel. *O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crave  
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,  
Thou dy'dst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—  
How found you him?*

Arv.

3. A Print by Harding, engraved by Parker, published in 1785. The mouth of the cave, and the landscape, have much merit; but nothing can be said in favour of the other parts of this print.

4. The Print in Taylor's publication, contains a figure of *Imogen*, which is very pleasing—and with some few alterations, this figure of *Imogen* might be rendered worthy of accompanying the page of Shakespeare. The introduction of the dead fawn is a well conceived idea.

5. *Cymbeline*, Act 3, Sc. 4: Painted by Penny, and engraved by Walker. The artist has failed in his attempt to express Shakespeare's characters.

Arv. *Stark, as you see;  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.*

Guid. *Where ?*

Arv. *O'the floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.*

Guid. *Why, he but sleeps :  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed ;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.*

Arv. *With fairest flowers,  
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument ! ) bring thee all this ;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.\**

Guid. *Pr'ythee have done ;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that*

Y

which

\* No Poet ever more delighted in the distribution of flowers than Shakespeare. Many instances occur in many of his plays, particularly in *Lear*, the *Tempest*, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, and in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*—but the most charming instances may be selected from *Perdita's* garland in the *Winter's Tale*, and from the distribution by *Ophelia*. Perhaps the vernal flowers which Milton strewed o'er *Lycidas*, might have been conceived from some of the above passages.

*Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration, what  
Is now due debt—To the grave.*

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

*And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.*

Guid. Cadwal,

*I cannot sing : I'll weep and word it with thee :  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.*

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Cloten

*Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ;  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence  
(That angel of the world), doth make distinction  
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely ;  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.*

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.

*Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.*

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,

*We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother begin.*

[Exit BELLARIUS.]

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;  
*My father hath a reason for't.*

Arv.



Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the beat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Both golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,\*  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;  
Care no more to cloath, and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak :  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :  
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee !  
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !  
Both. Quiet consummation have ;  
And renowned be thy grave !

Y 2

Re-enter

\* " This (says Warburton) is the topic of consolation that nature dictates to all men on these occasions. The same farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian."

*Re-enter BELLARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.*

*Guid. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.*

*Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:  
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,  
Are strewings fittest for graves.—Upon their faces:—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.  
The ground, that gave them first, has them again.  
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain.\**

From this scene, which breathes so much the spirit and the fancy of Shakespeare, there are some inconceivably fine points to paint from:  
points

\* To this scene Dr. Johnson has subjoined this note: "For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins, of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end of the play, in honor of his memory." For the satisfaction of my reader this song or dirge is here given—and he will observe how finely Collins has felt the magic of this scene:

*A S O N G, sung by GUIDERIUS and ARVIRARGUS, over FIDELE,  
supposed to be dead.*

*By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.*

1.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
Soft maids, and village binds shall bring  
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,  
And rife all the breathing spring.*

2.

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.*

3

3. No

points that will demand the tenderest expression and the sweetest grace.  
And may this scene receive the tributary praise of painting from no artist, whose pencil cannot strike out some sparks of that grace

————— *so rarely given*  
*To mortal man, not taught by art, but heav'n.*

Were the pensive scenery, and the tender images here presented,  
conveyed to us through the conceptions of Sir Joshua, Mr. Gainborough,  
borough,

3.

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew:  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

4.

*The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

5.

*When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;  
Or midst the chase on ev'ry plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

6.

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;  
And mourn'd, 'till pity's self be dead.*

Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Collins, speaks of him, as if one with whom he once delighted to converse,  
and whom he yet remembered with tenderness.

The



rough, or Mr. Romney, we might then expect to view a faithful adherence to the fancy and ideas of Shakespeare.

An artist will find himself still more interested in painting the sweet simplicity of the innocent and meek *Fidele*, and in his conception of the whole of this scene may produce still more delicate and graceful touches (particularly in the figure and person of *Arviragus*, "who loved *Fidele*:") were he to peruse the concluding part: where *Fidele* (after awakening from her trance) wishes to pay the last rites of sorrow on the corse of him, whom she took to be her dead master, slain by mountaineers—for, on the entrance of *Lucius* and the Roman Captains, she is thus questioned:

Luc. *Young one,*  
*Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems*  
*They crave to be demanded: Who is this,*  
*Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or, who was he,*  
*That, otherwise than noble nature did,*  
*Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest*  
*In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?*  
*What art thou?*

The present Bishop of Worcester, in the following note on Horace, seems to glance at the pastoral scenes of *Cymbeline*—"Pastoral poetry hath ever found admirers, since it addresses itself to three leading principles in human nature—the love of ease—the love of beauty—and the moral sense: the tranquillity, the innocence of rural life. Tasso, by an effort of genius, which hath done him immortal honour, produced a new kind of pastoral, by engrafting it on the Drama—Shakespeare had indeed set the example of something like Pastoral-Dramas, and in his *Winter's Tale*, As you Like it, *and some of his other pieces*, he enchanted every body with his natural sylvan manners, and sylvan scenes. Fletcher imitated the Italian: yet with an eye of reverence towards the English poet. In his 'Faithful Shepherdess,' he surpasses the former, in the variety of his paintings, and the beauty of his scenes, and only falls short of the latter, in the truth of manners, and a certain original grace of invention, which no imitation can reach. The scene at length was closed with the *Comus* of Milton, who in his rural paintings almost equalled the simplicity and nature of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and in the purity and splendor of his expression outdid Tasso."

Imog. *I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be, were better. This (pointing to the body) was my  
master—*

*A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!  
There are no more such masters: I may wander.  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never.  
Find such another master.\**

Luc. *Alack, good youth!*  
*Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.*

Imog. *Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the Gods bear, I hope. [Aside.  
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?*

Luc. *Thy name?*

Imog. *Fidele, sir.*

Luc. *Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,  
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but be sure  
No less beloved. The Roman Emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.*

Imog. *I'll follow, sir. But first, and please the Gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pick-axes can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,  
And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.*

\* The aspect of Imogen, at this passage, might somewhat resemble that of Viola—*smiling at grief.*

Luc. *Aye, good youth;  
 And rather father thee, than master thee.—  
 My friends,  
 The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us  
 Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,  
 And make him with our pikes and partizans  
 A grave : Come arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd  
 By thee to us ? and he shall be interr'd,  
 As soldiers can. Be chearful ; wipe thine eyes :  
 Some falls are means the happier to rise.*

[Exeunt.]

Page 303.

When *Posthumous* enters with *the bloody handkerchief*, stained (as he believes) with the blood of *Imogen*: he utters a soliloquy which makes him an object of much concern, and which will demand his grief being painted with masterly execution. This soliloquy is too beautiful to be given the reader in detached parts—and it is therefore here transcribed at length.—

*Posthumous.*

Yea bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd  
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
 If each of you would take this course, how many  
 Must murder wives much better than themselves  
 For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
 Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
 Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved  
 The noble *Imogen* to repent; and struck  
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,  
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit

To



To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;  
 And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.  
 But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,  
 And make me blest to obey !—I am brought hither  
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; *peace!*

*I'll give no wound to thee.* Therefore, good heavens,  
 Hear patiently my purpose : I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die  
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
 Is, every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,  
 Pity'd nor hated, to the face of Peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me than my habits show.  
 Gods put the strength o' the Leonati in me !  
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
 The fashion, less without, and more within.

*Exit.*

From some of the above lines which so well disclose the fine qualities of his mind, a half length portrait of *Posthumous* may perhaps be taken. And were it possible now to obtain the portrait of Mr. Garrick when speaking them: a more animated and interesting one could not be desired to accompany this scene—for as the Dramatic Cenfor observes of Mr. Garrick's general performance of this character: “ the tendernefs of his love, the pathos of his grief, the fire of his rage, and the distraction of his jealousy, have never been surpassed, and possibly in *Posthumous*, will never be equalled.” The character of *Posthumous* is finely drawn in the first scene of this play.

## Page 332.

A picturesque groupe of most impressive figures might be drawn from two points in the last scene of this play—for the eclairsissement of the plot exhibits so many fine attitudes of wondering expectation, that a picture of singular effect and force might be taken, either from that part of the scene where *Jachimo's* false spirits *sink into dejection*, and he faints—or, from the subsequent rapid passage, where (all the other characters being on the tip-toe of expectation) *Posthumous* springs forward to the dishearten'd and treacherous villain :

*Post. Ay, so thou dost,  
Italian fiend.*

What passions ! what attitudes to paint ! for in addition to the guilty terror of *Jachimo*, and of the soldier-like impassioned figure of *Posthumous*, the scene will be compleated by figures no less interesting than those of the tremblingly attentive *Imogen*, and of *Pisano*, *Bellarius*, *Arviragus*, and *Guiderius*—and though the person of *Cymbeline* will demand little grace of pencil, yet to the other characters should be given the traits of those mental qualities, which have rendered them so pleasing through every scene of this drama.\*

Tail-

\* From the above point in italics, a metzotinto print of Reddish in *Posthumous*, has been taken by Pine. Though the single figure of *Posthumous* (distinct from the rest of the ill-drawn groupe) has some merit : yet it does not strike me as being sufficiently perfect to be admitted into any projected edition which should be attempted to be rendered as faultless as nice art, can, and ought to render one. Besides (in this print of Pine's) all the other characters are omitted, except those of *Lucius* and the other prisoners, which are most vilely drawn.

## Tail-Piece.

There are two pages in this play, which would either of them furnish most beautiful designs for this department of an edition. For when *Arviragus* in page 288, is describing to *Bellarius* the death of *Fidele*,—he thus relates it :

Bell. *How found you him ?*

Arv. *Stark, as you see ;  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at : his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.*

Guid. *Where ?*

Arv. *O' the floor ;  
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought he slept ; and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.*

How very graceful would be the attitude, and how tender would be the look of *Arviragus*, when he views *Fidele* sleeping, and is fearful to disturb her slumber. The wild scenery of the cave too will not be unpleasing.

Another



Another passage too in the last scene of this play, may give rise to some pleasing design: where *Imogen* recognizes and embraces her brothers:

Imog. ———— *O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.*

The delicacy of their affection, and their beautiful figures and dresses, would form a chaste and sweet groupe. How charmingly would *Kauffman* paint from either of the above passages: she who has so pastorally drawn *Celia* and *Rosalind*, from Shakespeare's *As you Like it*.\*

\* A list of such *Paintings* as have been taken from this play; and from which, no Engravings have as yet been made.

1. A scene in *Cymbeline*, by W. Martin. No. 414 of the Exhibition of 1782.
2. *Imogen*, from Shakespeare, by W. Martin, No. 23 of the Exhibition of 1784.
3. Landscape, with the Story of *Imogen* and *Pisanio*, taken from *Cymbeline*, Act 3, Scene 4, by W. Hodges, No. 138 of the Exhibition of 1788. I have not seen either of the above three paintings.

A List of such *Prints* as have been published from this play. Those I have not seen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions, containing five plates.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.
6. A cut by du Guernier, in an edition, in 8 vols. 8vo. printed for Tonson, 1735.—
7. Taylor's *Pictureque Beauties of Shakespeare*.
8. General Magazine.

9. " Mr.

9. " Mr. Smith in the character of Jachimo." By W. Lawrenson. Price 10s. 6d. Mr. Smith's respectable performance, and his pre-eminence in this character, deserved not so poor and poultry a memorial.

10: Morning, a Landscape from Cymbeline. Engraved by C. Taylor.

11 Cymbeline, A. 3, Sc. 4. By Penny. Engraved by Walker.

12. Reddish in Posthumous. Painted by Pine, and engraved in metzotinto. No engraver's name.

13. A print by Harding, from the words of, *Good masters harm me not.* Engraved by Parker, 1785.

14. " Imogen's Chamber." Engraved by Bartolozzi, from after W. Martin, 1786.

15 *A print of Fidele's grave, with part of the lines of Collins, engraved under, from after Harding.*

16. *Pope.*

**F I N I S.**

1. The first of the two main parts of the book is devoted to a general survey of the history of the book trade in England from the early years of the printing press to the present time. The second part is devoted to a detailed account of the book trade in England from the early years of the printing press to the present time.

1875

